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Original Poetry.

THE POLISH CAPTIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Oh, leave to me the prison bar;
Reclasp the captive's chain;
Remove the light of sun or star,
But bid him not again
Sweet Moslem maid! to bales of light,
Where splendor gleams like thine;
And beauty's gems, no, not less bright
Than spirit-Houris shine.

Oh, give me not the gay guitar,
To wake one tone for thee;
For one, and only one afar,
Must list its tale from me;
For grief would mingle with the lay,
And tears the strings would stain;
No sweetness round its frame could stray,
Beneath a captive's chain.

I cannot seek thy trellised bower—
My soul is still with her;
I cannot bend in passion's hour,
Thy beauty's worshipper:
Then leave to me the dungeon bar;
Reclasp the captive's chain.
I may for only one afar
Song's spirit-waves unchain.

Original Tales.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIRST AND SECOND LOVE."

CHAPTER III.

It is a terrible thing to awaken from a glorious dream of Heaven, and find the reality a world—cold, dark and cheerless. The young build up many an expectation of future happiness, revel in many a frail fabric of their own vivid imagination, and gild the future with a glory which is never realized. But years, as they glide onward, quell the enthusiasm of youth, and the fortitude taught by endurance of the many trivial disappointments of life, makes them calmer and graver, but not sadder. It is only the sudden, overwhelming calamity that prostrates every energy, that bows the very soul, that makes the heart old in sorrow, that comes with a scathing influence. And to Elizabeth Stuart, who had bound herself up, as it were, in her own peculiar world; who had just tasted the full cup of happiness, and felt the heart expand with a new and beautiful life; to have the barrier of that bright world torn away, the cup of that happiness dashed from her lips, and the glory of that new life to fade and die—was to darken the very sun that shone in Heaven, or to shut out forever his beams from her vision. But there was another light which lent its calm, still radiance,—the light of her faith in God—an ever-burning, unwavering taper, strong and steadfast on its firm altar, the immortal soul. Religion, as I have said, had been an inculcation of her earliest years; but Selwin had never felt its stirring influence, never experienced its power to heal and soothe the heart wounded, as now. Sometimes her still rebellious affection would interfere between her spirit and its earnest supplications; and in those moments, she felt that nothing but her strict sense of duty could have sustained her.

"And never in her suppliant sigh
Poured forth to Him who rules the sky,
Could her own name be breathed on high,
And *his* remembered not."

The din and confusion, the turmoil and excitement of the busy scenes around oppressed her. Besides, how could she live in the same city in which *he* dwelt and suffered. She longed for the rest and quiet of her country home. Scarcely recovered from her severe bodily prostration, she was unwilling to be present at those gay scenes which so delighted her cousin. She determined to return, and await her parents' pleasure at Fawngrove. The morning of her departure was one of early spring, and her heart felt lighter than she had expected, as the already green meadows, the bursting foliage met her view. The light carol of the birds, too, as they soared aloft in the clear sky, or flew from tree to tree came sweetly on her ear. It was her aunt's carriage in which she travelled, preferring it to the exposure of the public route, and her journey was made pleasant by easy passages. She strove to think upon subjects as far removed from her own sorrows, as possible—she strove—but in vain, to forget them.

She had parted from Abby Scott with tears. Despite her outward frivolity, Elizabeth thought she had discovered traces of more endearing qualities; she was so young, so full of glad life, so gentle and so beautiful. As the carriage swept away from the door, Abby left her stand by the window, and with a tear in her eye, even while a smile of peculiar meaning hovered over her lip, sought her mother.

"Well! Lizzy is off at last, mamma!" she exclaimed, sinking into an easy chair, "and really, considering what a dull companion she has become lately, I cannot regret her absence. Still she was a kind, good girl for all."

"Confess, Abby, that she has undergone enough to make any one sad. Only think what a terrible conflict this separation from Selwin must have occasioned."

"Of what are you thinking so seriously, my child?" enquired Mrs. Scott, some moments afterward, as her daughter seemed buried in profound meditation, a circumstance most unusual to her.

"Only," replied she, twinging her fingers amid the fair hair that curled over her forehead, and half rising to display her graceful figure in an opposite mirror, "only that cousin Lizzy, sensible as she may be otherwise, has in this case, committed a most foolish act. Think of any one but a lunatic, disregarding the splendor of such an alliance! People talk of morality and all that, but I can tell them, that Lionel Selwin is not to be disregarded for its sake."

* * * * * * *

It was at the close of a warm, yet lovely summer day. The long shadows of sunset stretched across the green lawn of Fawngrove; those of the giant oaks seemed almost interminable, and as their branches swayed with the evening breeze, bright gleams of sunshine streamed in, to relieve their darkness. Over the stately portico that graced the entrance of the mansion, a luxuriant honeysuckle twined its tendrils; while a magnificent prairie-rose, in full blossom, wreathed its masses of leaves and branches around the large Gothic window at its side. And within the arch of her favorite window, with the white curtains falling like a cloud around her, sat the heroine of my tale, the youthful mistress of that mansion. Months had elapsed since her return, and every evening found her at her favorite spot, where, as a child, she had gamboled; as a girl, she had whiled away many an idle moment; as a maiden, she had passed hours of happiness, and of deep and sad reflection. Doubly treasured, too, that evening, was the peaceful scene that stretched before her view, for this was perhaps the last time she should gaze upon it; the morrow would find her a journeyer towards the distant West, and that beloved old homestead, deserted and forsaken. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart had concluded, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of their married children, to remove to Ohio. Very few ties, compared to those that drew them to the West, bound them to their old home; and Mr. Stuart had returned alone, in the spring, to make the necessary preparations, and when they were concluded, to bring back his daughter.

Sunset was deepening into twilight. The separate shadows were blending into one tint of grey, and the full moon was rising over the scene, when the sound of a carriage driving rapidly towards the house, broke the silence of the evening. Before Elizabeth could reach the entrance to welcome the new comer, a young lady sprang lightly from the vehicle, and Abby Scott was folded into her cousin's warm embrace.

"This pleasure is more delightful because it is unexpected, dear cousin," ejaculated Elizabeth. "What fortunate wind can have blown you hither to our quiet old retreat?"

"Do not overwhelm me with questions, Lizzy. Wait till I reach that cozy old window, where I caught glimpse of you sitting as I drove up—I have volumes to tell you."

"First then," began Miss Scott, sinking languidly into the large arm chair, and twisting a branch of the beautiful prairie-rose into a fantastic wreath around her travelling hat, suffering the bright blossoms to cluster about her exquisite fingers as she wove them, and laughing merrily and triumphantly as she looked up into her cousin's face, first then, for I have not a moment to spare, and therefore must proceed at once to the pith of the sting, divesting it of all the little mystifications that you know I am so fond of, I am bound to Mr. Harrington's some half dozen miles distant, I believe, whose daughter and I got up quite an intimacy last spring to comply with a promise I made her at that time, to pay her a visit of several weeks this summer, and to ensure her services for bridesmaid at my approaching wedding."

"Your wedding, Abby! it is not possible!"

"Yes, indeed! nothing more natural. I called for a few minutes on purpose to tell you, as I thought I owed it to our cousinship to give you an intimation, that early in September, Abby Scott will bid adieu to her friends. And who do you think is bearing me off?—your old flame Mr. Selwin ———"

"Abby Scott!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "this is a sorry jest."

"No jest at all, I assure you, upon my honor it is true, as you will yourself learn in a month or two. You see I am not fastidious about first love, regarding it as the only true love, and all that. Nor am I the least jealous of you, my dear. Gentlemen are proverbially fickle, you know, and what is more natural than that Lionel and myself should end by declaring each other perfectly irresistible?" and so rattled on this unfeeling girl, regardless of the manner in which her communication was received by her paralyzed companion.

Stunned, bewildered, Elizabeth Stuart reeled back against the wall near which she stood, incapable of articulating one word of rejoinder. She could scarcely comprehend the possibility of this startling intelligence, but the various remarks, and the volley of communications Abby was uttering, sounded strangely like truth. One thing was certain. Cruel and heartless, she had come to boast in triumph of her conquest, to embitter still farther the peace of a sorrowing spirit.

"I would have ensured your services, coz—but for this unlucky flitting to Ohio; and then it would have been rather an embarrassing rencontre," laughed she.

By an uncontrollable impulse, Elizabeth moved forward and laid her hand upon her cousin's wrist.

"Abby! Abby Scott!" she said, "Lionel Selwin does not, cannot love you—"

Hastily shaken off, even in the twilight, she saw the angry color flushing upon Abby's cheeks.

"Does not love me!" she repeated, "he loved you, or at least affected to, and why should he resist me? you are insulting, Elizabeth Stuart!"

For a moment Elizabeth was silent and thoughtful. Though certain, as that she lived, that Lionel Selwin, with all his proud, fastidious, intellectual tastes, aye, more, with all his love for her, of which, if conquered now, he must still retain the memory, could not transfer that affection so readily to this light frivolous being;—she herself had voluntarily relinquished all claims upon him, and why should she feel any indignation at the appearance of a rival? She had no right now to oppose, even in thought, this marriage with another, even though, as she deemed, sorrow and regret would be the result. Could he be happy with such a wife? Her heart too truly answered this, but as she gazed upon the fair, frail girl before her, all her early regard and affection for her stirred at her heart; she forgot or overlooked entirely the obvious motive of her visit. Though thoughtless and giddy, full of wild and extravagant notions, she believed there still was something good within her; she had seen her susceptible of generous and kindly impulses. She did not doubt her love for Selwin, alas! she knew too well the power of his attractions, but this very love for one so lost to grace and Heaven, so regardless of all holiness, would be, must be,—for she judged others by herself—a cause for future sorrow and disaster.

Tears of generous solicitude were in her eyes, as she kindly took her cousin's hand.

"I know by my own sad hours of sorrow how filled with his image your heart must be. He is a noble and a gifted man; but, Abby, that which I feared for myself I would fear for you, also. Believe me, cousin, nothing but the kindliest feelings can actuate me, in speaking thus to you, for I have relinquished willingly all wish to become his wife. Are you acquainted with my motive for declining a marriage that I had anticipated with so much happiness?"

"Certainly! it was his want of morality, or some such foolish thing—"

"It was his want of *Religion*, Abby," replied her cousin, solemnly; "his infidelity towards that God who created him. Would you rush heedlessly upon the fate of the Atheist's wife? what but despair and anguish can ultimately await her? the most cruel disappointment will be her portion; disappointment in him whom she has chosen for life, and the knowledge of his principles constantly haunting her, cannot fail to darken the brightest scene of pleasure that lies within her path. Have you considered all this?"

"I have known all you tell me," exclaimed Miss Scott, impatiently. "I have duly weighed these considerations with the worth of Lionel Selwin, and the latter quite outbalances the former. So a truce to your philosophy! I hate all such cold reasoning—I shall take him according to the prescribed language, "for better or worse," and won't hold you responsible for any unhappiness the future may have in store. But the evening wears—I cannot be with Elenor Harrington to-night if I loiter much longer; so good bye, good bye, Cousin Lizzie! a pleasant trip to Ohio!"

With a generous kindness, which Abby's triumphant, frivolous manner did not merit, Elizabeth folded her shawl around her, tenderly. She thought that the moment might perhaps come, when her warnings would be remembered, and her affectionate motives understood. As the carriage moved swiftly away, she leaned her head from the window, while one large tear after another, fell witheringly upon the delicate blossoms below her, and she sank into a train of sadder and gloomier thought than for months she had permitted.

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And now I will pass over a period of fifteen years, and introduce my indulgent readers to another family picture, though totally different from that with which this story opens.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a lovely day in early Autumn, a lovely afternoon in the city of Cincinnati. The gently sighing wind stole through the closed blinds of one of its most pleasantly situated mansions, stole dancingly around a basket of gay flowers that graced the window, and played coquettishly with the silken hair of a group of children who were standing around them, a group of happy, light-hearted children. A little girl stood upon tiptoe, supporting herself upon the arm of a fine-looking boy, her merry eyes glancing with glee, while another, some few years older, was lightly toying with the tendrils of a delicate clematis, and weaving it into a chaplet to crown her eldest sister, a lovely girl of twenty, who glanced from her embroidery with a gratified smile. At a little distance from the youthful circle sat two ladies evidently past the summer of life, yet both attractive. A matron, with the rich lace of her cap drooping over a still beautiful face, and a lady, some few years older, of gentler and sadder countenance. They were both engaged in sewing, though ever and anon a stray glance would steal from the elder lady, whose heart was with her children, and a quiet smile illumine the face of her sister, at some gay repartee or innocent jest they uttered. The gentleman of the house, too, was there, driven from the streets and his mercantile pursuits by the heat of the noonday sun. He was a handsome man of perhaps fifty years, and reclined in his easy chair with newspaper in hand, looking over the top of it upon the happiness of his family. This gentleman was Theodore Stuart.

The clematis wreath was finished and placed upon the brow of the elder sister, who blushed slightly at the enthusiastic praises of the young girl, and patting her on her cheek, called her an idle flatterer.

"Flatterer I am not, Bella, but idle I certainly am," cried Emma Stuart; "heigho! I wonder when Mary King will be making her appearance? here have I been dressed up as stiff as parchment, for the last half hour, waiting for that ceremonious young lady. It is ridiculous for a girl of fourteen to aim at such fashionable hours! don't you think it is, Aunt Lizzy?"

At this moment the young lady in question entered the parlor, and laughingly repelled the accusation she had overheard.

"The fact is, Emma, if you will only let me speak, I waited to bring Charley along to share his holiday with Theodore. But I could not persuade him from an engagement he had formed this evening with a new playmate of his, who is, indeed, one of the finest boys I ever saw. His father boards with Mrs. Ellis, and is, they say, in the last stage of consumption. And that reminds me of a message I have for Miss Stuart. Mrs. Ellis is very much troubled about her boarder. She wishes to have the advice of a physician, but he will not consent, for he says he cannot recover, and it would be of no use. He has been there two months, and since he came seems to have failed rapidly. So Mrs. Ellis wished me to ask you to call at her house, for a few minutes, this afternoon, and consult as to the expediency of getting a doctor without his knowledge, as she feels herself, in a manner, responsible.

Elizabeth Stuart's kind heart sympathized warmly with the dilemma of the worthy Mrs. Ellis. She rose immediately and laid aside her work.

"And do not wait tea for me, Isabelle," she said on leaving the room, "I shall probably take a long walk after my call if the evening prove as propitious as it promises."

Arrived at her destination, she was shewn with many thanks for her kindness, into Mrs. Ellis's chamber, where they might converse with fewer interruptions.

"You can't form an idea, Miss Stuart," said the good lady, after explaining the case, "how very badly he looks. I'll just step into his room, and if he is asleep, as I think he is, he'll not be disturbed if you look in on him. You'll be better able then to advise me."

Softly turning the latch, she stepped into an adjoining room, and returned an instant after, making a sign to Elizabeth to follow. This room was darkened to aid the slumber of the invalid, and the rapid transition from the sunny streets to the twilight of the sick chamber, made all objects dim and wavering. She only saw before her the wan countenance of a man, his arm twined around the neck of a sleeping boy, and beckoning Mrs. Ellis from the room, she urged in strong terms the necessity of sending for a physician.

"And I will go myself," responded the good woman, "if you would only have the kindness to remain with the sick gentleman until I bring the doctor. I suppose I might have left him alone, but somehow I was afraid he might die while I was gone, and that would be dreadful! My girls are no nurses, and I never trust them. Poor gentleman! he seems to have no friend here but that boy, and heaven only knows what will become of him when his father dies."

Elizabeth readily complied with her request, and upon her departure stole back to the invalid's chamber to look once more upon the face of which before she had caught such an imperfect view. Her eyes soon becoming accustomed to the darkness, she stood at the foot of the bed, and drew aside the falling curtains that enshrouded it. The countenance she gazed upon, seemed, to her, like that of a dying man. The deathly pallor, the deeply sunken eye and cheek. The colorless lip, impressed Elizabeth with the belief that a few more hours would witness his release from suffering. A beautiful boy was leaning his head upon the pillow, the thick clusters of his raven hair mingling with the thin locks of his father, and one large tear glistening upon his cheek. His hand was clasped in the painfully attenuated one beside it, and his blooming face nestled close to the sick man's bosom.

"Poor boy!" thought Elizabeth Stuart, tears stealing unconsciously down her cheeks, "what, indeed, will become of him in the event which must soon follow?"

Suddenly, as she gazed upon the two, a half smile stole to the lips of the invalid, and he moved partially round, exposing his face still more, and murmuring, in an almost inaudible voice, the name: "Elizabeth."

And why did she, who glided swiftly to the head of the couch, bend over him with that thrilling startled look of recognition? Why does she press her hand upon her forehead, and sink back on the chair, her eyes still fixed unwaveringly upon the slumbering man? her ear had caught that faint articulation; her heart, that loving, faithful heart, had discovered, in the shattered wreck before her, him, whom she once loved so truly and so fondly, him, alas! whom she loved still—despite all time and separation. It was Lionel Selwin who lay there, unconscious of her presence, whose image was gladdening his dreams, whose name hovered upon his lips.

What an unbidden tide of memory rushed back upon her heart! what deep-drawn sighs were those that heaved her bosom! Far away, in the vista of long years, brightened her early dream of love—her early, and her only. She thought of him, as when in the full vigor of beauty and manhood, he had glowed before her vision, more noble, more perfect than anything upon earth. She contrasted this image with the one so changed by the ravages of disease; she turned away, and covering her face with her clasped hands, wept long and bitterly.

Oh! she had schooled her heart well to stifle every painful thought of him—had never regretted the unalterable resolution, in which her Heavenly Father has sustained her, of separating her destiny from his; and had always striven to regard him as her cousin's husband. In the still hours of night, upon her bended knees, his name had arisen on her visions to God, for the friendship and the interest she felt in him and his. She had never expected to behold him again, and to see him thus, the frail fabric of what was once so full of life and vigor was grief unutterable.

"Old thoughts which long in dust had lain,
Old dreams came thronging back again."

The news of his marriage reaching her soon after her arrival in Ohio, was not of course unexpected, after the interview she had had with her cousin. As time passed on, and tidings floated to the west of the brilliant career of the beautiful Mrs. Selwin, no regretful or envious feeling disturbed the calm thoughtfulness of her bosom. She grew happy *in the performance* of her pious duty, that of soothing the last years of her parents' life; rendering, by every tender and affectionate solicitude, their descending path less difficult to tread, and death less painful to endure. It was while deeply bowed with affliction, while weeping over the fresh graves of those honored and beloved ones, who had lived so happily together in life, and whose separation had not been long in death, that she received intelligence of the decease of Mrs. Selwin. In the full zenith of her beauty and power, the wing of Azrael overshadowed her; while life was apparently brightest and happiest, she disappeared forever from the gaze of an admiring world, and to that earth, which holds the remains of many a blighted flower, was consigned the form of one of the loveliest creatures of God's creation.

One so gentle and winning, so good and noble as Elizabeth Stuart, had not been wanting in suitors to worship at her shrine, and when death severed the ties that bound her to her parental home, she had received several highly eligible offers. But her simple response: "I shall never marry," was tendered alike to all. Even when she dared not acknowledge it to herself, the image of her heart's best beloved would rise within her spirit's sanctuary, kindling up old commotions and drawing together the fine fibres of her changeless affections. No woman that lives as she had lived can ever admit a second object to her preference.

"You need not descant so eloquently on the happiness of a married life, dear Isabelle!" she would reply to her sister's glowing pictures. "I am content to remain an old maid."

And now at the age of thirty-five, Elizabeth Stuart knelt beside the couch of Lionel Selwin, and gazed as if her soul were melting through her dark lustrous eyes upon the face of the dreamer. One hand was placed upon her beating heart, while ever and anon the quivering fingers of the other, circled the snowy curtain that drooped around her. Thus she remained until a bustle in the ante-chamber aroused her, and the voice of Mrs. Ellis in consultation with the physician, recalled her agitated thoughts. She arose and glided past them as they entered the room together.

"How long can he live, doctor?" she ventured to ask, after his interview with the invalid.

"Many long years I hope, madam," was the unexpected response, that sent a wild gleam of joy to the heart of Elizabeth, and a "thank God," to her lips. "His malady will not prove fatal, unless other symptoms develope themselves, nor will it, I think, be even difficult to conquer. He is, or has been, if I mistake not, laboring under depression of spirit, and evidently imagines himself much worse than he really is. Had he applied sooner to a physician he might have spared himself a great deal of suffering, but his idea of consumption is entirely erroneous."

CHAPTER V.

It was the third day after this occurrence, and my heroine sat alone, in the solitude of her holding in her hand a package she had just received. It was from Mr. Selwin. There was a flush of intense excitement upon her usually pale cheek, and her whole frame quivered like an aspen. Strange that so much of youth's fervor and feeling should have survived the lapse of time, strange, the world would say, that the heart of the "old maid" should beat so wildly at the memory of her former love. Ah! little do the careless and thoughtless imagine the rich mine of pure and enduring affection that often dwells deep within the old maid's bosom; her many beautiful and noble qualities she possesses, whose worth they are incapable of appreciating. We will follow her as she reads that letter. The envelope contained the following:

"Mrs. Ellis has just informed me that you were guardian of my sick chamber the other day; that you are a resident of this city. I had a dream of Heaven that afternoon, Elizabeth, and you were there—you the loved and lost, an angel, dwelling in light celestial. How strange, that at that moment, your earthly form should be bending over me!

"I had written you a letter, during the last week, under the firm conviction that I was dying—which, with this explanation, I now enclose. I am told by my physician, that I have mistaken my disease—that I shall live; but for long months I must be an invalid, as my recovery cannot be rapid. And, if sometime hence, you can forget the past for one brief hour, and suffer me but once more to gaze upon that face, that I love better than anything upon earth; aye, better than aught save my God—my bosom will hold a lighter heart than for years has inhabited it."

Letter of Lionel Selwin to Elizabeth Stuart.

"I write to you from a bed of sickness—to you, whom I know loved me once, and in whose kindly remembrance I would fain reclaim a place. Though never more, amid the sorrow and suffering of this perishing world, may we meet; there is a brighter sphere, Elizabeth, in which the hopes of my immortal soul have found anchor, where we may rejoice forever in the immediate presence of a Supreme Being. You will be surprised, that I, the former unbeliever, the impious scoffer whom you justly held unworthy of your pure love, should write thus. Know that I am at last a Christian—a firm and steadfast believer in the truths of that Religion for which Martyrs have suffered, and for which I, sinner that I have been and am, would willingly lay down my life. Your prayer, your wish has been gratified. From the fiery ordeal of strong passions, from great and terrible sufferings, I have passed into a clearer light. God has avenged himself, and now in His goodness, has vouchsafed to diffuse a calm serenity over my hitherto turbulent soul; the whirlwind has subsided, and a holy peace of mind, which can only be derived from peace and trustfulness, is afforded me in these last hours of my existence. I trust my rapid journeying will be toward that distant but glorious home which I have not deserved—I may reap the reward I have not merited. But oh! if the deepest humility and penitence can avail—and I feel that with God they have availed; if ceaseless prayer and supplications offered at His footstool, for my past sins, are any atonement—I may be blest with the assurance that I shall not be cast off.

"I wish to relate, while I retain strength sufficient, the leading events of my life since we parted; and to explain, so far as I am able, the course of conduct that must always have been a mystery to you. I married a woman that I did not love—who was utterly uncongenial to me in every respect. I need not explain to you our different tastes; you knew us both. You knew, too, you must have known, that my heart, even when I stood at the altar, and plighted her my vows, was full of woe unutterable; for I loved you alone. Oh! in those dark and bitter moments that succeeded our separation—God forgive me, if I meditated crime the deepest, if I prayed for death, the deliverer! And yet, *I do not think I was answerable* for my conduct then. I was literally insane. With nothing, *nothing* to comfort me; bereft of hope for you—placing no trust in a higher power—angry and jealous feelings raging in my breast against you, and yet my pride, my stubborn, indomitable pride towering above all, I rushed into society, and sought within its whirling vortex, forgetfulness, and oblivion of the past.

"I had always been an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Scott, and a frequent visiter at the house—drawn thither, like all the gay world, by the variety and the gaiety of her amusements, and I was now treated with greater kindness and attention than ever. Constant solicitude was expressed for me—and shame that for one moment I should have listened to her. Your conduct, severely reprobated by your cousin, who ministered to my pride and vanity, by every little attention in her power. She was a beautiful and fascinating girl. She strove, with all a woman's tact, to interest me—to arouse my anger and indignation against you—she encouraged my frequent visiting at her mother's house; until at last, the secret was unfolded to me, by her intimate friend—that I had won her affections—that she loved me deeply, hopelessly. My evil genius whispered me, that by offering her my hand, I might cause you to regret the separation you had effected, and at the same time secure to myself a living companion. I allowed expressions to escape me, which were immediately transferred to Abby's ear. I had compromised myself, —and even when I longed most to be released, I felt myself bound in honor to fulfil my promise. I married her—and soon ascertained, that, though she felt as great an affection for me, as her heart would permit, she loved my fortune and my station better. She made the gay world her idol—that world which felt bound to reciprocate the preference. And yet, poor Abby possessed many gentle and kind traits that might, but for the memory of you, have endeared her to me; and now that the grave has closed over her, I thank God that I fulfilled at least, some of my duties as a husband, in treating her with uniform kindness, and in striving to hide from her, how widely different were our tastes and wishes, that I did conceal from her how utterly wretched and reckless I had become—indifferent alike to everything. I say to everything—but I am wong; I had a little daughter, a darling, angel child, who seemed to live but in my smiles—who doated on me, as I on her. We chased each other amid the flowers, we sat together and gazed upon the flitting clouds in the blue sky, while her innocent face was nestled in my bosom, and her guileless heart was thrilling with tenderest love. That child resembled you—not so much in features and expression, as in her thoughts and feelings. From other than her father's lips, she had heard precepts of piety and religion—and the good seed was scattered upon a soil which yielded richly. I have sometimes listened in awe-struck-wonder at her language. She seemed to feel intuitively that I needed such persuasion. I almost believe now, that she was the embodiment of a beautiful, bright spirit, sent from God for my preservation.

"My darling died. One so pure and lovely, could not long linger in this world of sorrow. She was scarcely six years old, when her spirit was reclaimed by its Creator. I may not tell you, Elizabeth, of the overwhelming anguish of that dark hour. Remember my principles, and conceive, if you can, one-tenth part of my sufferings!

"I leaned over the little couch, with her twin brother by my side, and watched the last glimmer of life's taper with an intense and terrible agony. Away, in the lighted hall, the beauty of the ball-room, her mother floated in the maze of fashioned gaiety; while I, a broken hearted man, wept over the little priceless pearl that had been torn from me. I would scarcely wish to recall the memory of that night, so fraught with maddening anguish, only that then dawned the first ray of Religion in my soul. Her very last words, as she raised her glorious eyes to mine had been: 'Father, dear father, meet me in Heaven.'

"'In Heaven! in Heaven!' I repeated, and then, swifter than lightning came the conviction that there was a Heaven for her—but none, alas! for me.

"Many and bitter were my self-reproaches that night. She had died with praises to God upon her lips and in her trusting heart, my beautiful, my cherished one;—I dared not, could not doubt His existence. Nor was it this alone. I had a strong and firm conviction. God had spoken in trumpet tones to my accusing conscience, and I believed that I was lost and ruined.

"I remember distinctly now, shall I ever forget it? the moment when Abby returned. I had done her injustice in believing her a heartless mother. Careless and thoughtless she had been, and so living in the light and sunshine of existence that the possibility of death had never entered her mind; but she loved her child. In the surprise, the grief of that moment, when her eyes rested on the inanimate corpse of my darling, she ruptured an artery, and from that hour, death marked her for his victim.

"Even when I stood beside *her* grave, and watched the earth descend to cover her beautiful head, I experienced a strange, unnatural apathy, nay, a positive relief, and almost wished my boy lay beside her, that the world might hold none to love me, and that nothing should bind me with the chords of affection. I was so little deserving of all interest, so lost and hopeless.

"Months of darkness and despair succeeded. My soul wrestled wildly with the midnight that enshrouded it, and again it strove vainly to repress the great truth that, like a gigantic bell, was thundering its iron tones upon my conscience. I felt that I deserved this punishment for my former reckless unbelief; but oh! great God! men little know how much the heart can bear e'er it will break. Weary of life, I longed for, yet dreaded death—I dared not die.

"One evening I had retired to my library, and losing myself in a wild chaos of thought, had sunk into a state of partial insensibility. The caresses of my little Lionel, his oft-reiterated calls aroused me. I found his arms clasped about my neck, and his tears falling upon my cheek. My heart smote me for my recent neglect and forgetfulness of this little being, so dependant upon my kindness, I enquired what troubled him. He wished me to read to him from the Bible; it was Sunday evening, and his dear, old nurse, who had died the week preceding, had always read him a chapter and explained its meaning, before he went to sleep. Mechanically I arose, and sought in the recesses of my book-shelves for a long-forgotten legacy of my sainted mother's, an old and time-worn Bible. The leaves that she had marked still remain undisturbed. I opened one of them and read to Lionel. How strange that those passages should be so admirably adapted to my situation. A new and *strange hope thrilled within me.*

"'Repent ye, while the hour is at hand,' and then the promise of salvation, extended by God to all sinners who repented, certainly embraced me also. That livelong night my eyes never closed. The broad sunshine was gleaming upon the sacred volume, when I arose from its perusal a humble and a contrite man. There was sunshine, too, in my own heart.

"Five years have passed since that eventful period, and time has shown my reformation to be complete. The principles of religion I have embraced, have never wavered; steadfastly and firmly, they have withstood the trials of life and the vicissitudes of fortune; they have subdued the force of my natural impetuosity; they have smoothered the path that is rugged alike to all; but to me most toilsome and wearisome; they have changed me in everything, save in that which was a part of my better nature, my love for you. I have learned that 'Great is the mystery of godliness'—and that He, who created us, has wisely ordained that we shall be ignorant of many things which it concerneth us not to know. How can mortal man, who is but as a grain of sand in the eye of Omnipotence, who does not pretend to fathom the mystery of his own being, understand the inscrutable wisdom of an all-powerful God?

"You will wonder why I am here, so far removed from the aid of kindred and friends. I will explain. Business of importance, a law suit, which involves all my patrimony, is pending in the court of Cincinnati. I am here awaiting the result. It is not for myself that I would wish to accumulate riches or retain them—my days upon earth are numbered; but that my boy should not be dependent upon the generosity of his kindred. I cannot bear that he should go forth upon the world a beggar! To-morrow this suit will be decided, and until then I shall discontinue this letter.

"The court has pronounced in my favor, and Lionel will be master of a splendid fortune. Alas! alas! what will be his fate when I am gone? I shudder as I think, perhaps, my own. With no one to guide and council him aright, he may be lost, lost irretrievably! Who will be unto him a mother? who will be watcher over his couch of sickness? who can I trust as guardian for my orphan boy? It is with grief that I confess my want of confidence in his mother's relations, or mine own, else had I yielded to their repeated solicitations to return to them. I have allowed them to believe that I was not suffering serious indisposition; because I wish to commune quietly with God and my conscience before I pass from earth. I could not bear, in my present state, expressions of regret and sorrow. I may be wrong. I am certainly practising some species of deception towards them; but I *must* die in peace and quietness, and my removal to New York would be the first measure adopted by them. And yet I feel a much deeper regard for them all, than I did when my heart was so foolishly and selfishly bound up in its own sophistry.

"My own dearest Elizabeth, to you I resign my child. It is a legacy you are solemnly enjoined to accept—you cannot—will not, refuse the bequest of one to whom your best affections were given! I shall die happy in the belief that after the earth shall have covered my head, this letter will appeal to your heart, that your forgiveness will be entire; that Lionel will be a son to you, and that you will guide him both by precept and example in the beautiful paths of virtue. He is of warm and affectionate disposition, possessed of good talents and capacities, with an upright and manly soul. He may, in some measure, repay you all the anguish and disappointments his father once caused you. Take him, then, to your own noble heart and cherish him there.

"I believe my malady to be beyond relief. It has alarmingly increased since my arrival here—and because I consider my case hopeless, I will not call upon a physician. To God I resign myself. Had it been His will to have suffered me to remain yet a little longer—but, should I wish it were so? To you, dearest and best friend, I bequeath one half of my ample fortune."

Then followed many injunctions relative to his son, and the letter closed.

CHAPTER VI.

Lionel Selwin sat alone in the parlors of Theodore Stuart. He sat, and waited with keen anxiety the entrance of Elizabeth. As often as the chrystal candelabras upon the mantel tinkled with a faint chiming music, in unison with passing vehicles, rattling over the pavement, he raised his head from the crimson cushions of the sofa, and listened eagerly; but as often sank back again with an ejaculation of disappointment, and buried his face amid their downy folds. And where was she, who, for three weeks, had anticipated this visit as a vision too blessed to be realized? where was she, who had lived whole months of renewed happiness in so many days? In her own chamber, prostrate before God in a prayer of thankfulness and praise. At last to the ear of Lionel Selwin sounded a soft footfall in the corridor. His eyes closed for a moment, and a thrilling smile wreathed his finely cut lips. He arose, and stood before the being of his love, the only one who had ever held, enthralled, the proud chords of his affections. For an instant their eyes met, and Elizabeth Stuart, controlling her emotion by a powerful impulse, advanced and extended her hand. Clasping the trembling fingers within both his palms, Selwin led her to a seat and stood silently over her.

"We have both suffered, Lionel," was her broken murmur, while the tears of the strong hearted man fell like rain upon her hand. "We are both changed much by those sufferings and by time."

"There is one thing in which I never changed, Elizabeth," was the response after a brief silence, "I had determined not to harass you with the expression of my feelings at this interview; but I cannot restrain them. Was it presumption to have dreamed that I might yet claim that hand, of whose possession I was once so unworthy? I am a better man now—you cannot doubt it! I would pray you, Elizabeth, to consider well before you repel my earnest entreaties, and you are so like you were fifteen years ago, so little changed in the beautiful, mild dignity of face and manner, your heart is yet so full of warm and kindly feelings, that I can scarcely discover in you traces of the time that has elapsed. I was told by my physician that I had suffered more from mental than from physical ailments. Of secondary consideration only to my immortal welfare, was the memory of the sorrow I had poured upon your gentle spirit. Let it be my proud and happy lot to repay past wrongs by every future solicitude! I entreat you to become the honored and endeared wife, not of a stern, self-willed man; but of an humble Christian!"

Elizabeth Stuart raised her face to his, and her dark eyes swam with tenderness and joy. She laid her hand again within his own, and they, whom long years had separated, and the tide of *human sin had rent asunder, were again* re-united.

The closing scene carries us to Fawngrove. It is a lovelier moonlight evening than that of my opening scene, and the fire burns as brightly upon the hearth of that antique parlor. The dark, rich curtains are drawn aside, and the silver radiance of our beautiful planet gleams like a sheet of living glory over the two who stand within the dear old gothic window. That proud magnificent head, that dignified, commanding figure, whose can they be but Lionel Selwin's? And the mild, spiritual face beside him, is that of his beloved wife. Farther within the shadow of the room, and nearest Elizabeth, the son of Lionel Selwin witnesses with pleasure the happiness of his parents. He is a noble boy, with the expression of correct and virtuous principles upon his handsome countenance.

And who shall say that they, who have passed through the ordeal of affliction—who have tasted the bitter cup of sorrow—aye, one of whom has drank it to the very dregs, and yet has risen from its darkening influence into the clear atmosphere of life and love,—who shall say that they are not capable of as pure and true enjoyment as the untempted, passionless creatures of sunshine? Can they not form a more rational estimate of happiness? Can they not place, with more trusting reliance, their confidence and faith in Heaven, the origin and basis of all good? Is not Lionel Selwin now, with all his fine and finished talents, his strong and vigorous mind, the vast stores of his knowledge, his trusting and relying piety, of much more service to religion and to mankind, to science and to himself, than that same Lionel Selwin, a creature of wilful and untamed passions, of reckless impiety, such as we knew him in his earlier manhood? Who can tell the vast amount of good that such a man is capable of exercising? Who can doubt that if there were more like him to warn and council others, the world would hold wiser and better men, and fewer scoffing and presumptuous sophists?

From the Magazines.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

WINTRY RAIN.

BY JAMES P. JETT.

As drives the wintry rain,
Their sad estate how many hearts deplore!
How many, struggling with their lots in vain,
Among the humble poor!

How many strive to fill
Mouths wildly crying for their daily bread,
And struggle on with penury, until
They rest among the dead!

Let not the lip be curled;
Let not the eye be turned away in scorn;
Minds which with culture might have graced the world
Dwell with the lowly born!

Dark circumstance has crushed
The germs of genius, which, if early nursed
Had sprung to useful vigorousness and rushed
Onward among the first.

And wisdom often glows
In minds obscure, beneath exterior rude,
As often blooming will be found the rose
In the deep solitude.

Ye who in splendor roll!
As wide to social joy is thrown the door,
Oh keep one sunny corner of the soul
Still kindled for the poor!

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

"Oh did you ne'er hear of the Blarney,
'Tis found near the banks of Killarney,
Believe it from me, no girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney."
Lover.

"I tell you Mike agra! it's no manner o' use, for do it I can't, an' that's the long an' the short of it."

"Listen at him, why it isn't bashful that you are, eh, Ned avic?"

"Faix, an I'm afeard it is."

"*Gog's bleakey!* why, they'll put you in the musayum along wid the marmaids an' the rattlin' sneaks; a bashful Irishman, why, a four leaved shamrogue 'ud be a mutton chop to that, man alive."

"So they say; but I've kotch the complaint any way."

"Well, *Tear an aigers*, I never heerd the likes: it makes me mighty unhappy, for if modesty gets a footin' among us it 'ill be the ruin of us altogether. I shouldn't wonder but some of them vetirin cockneys has inoculated us with the affection, as they thravelled through the country. Well, an' tell us, how d' you feel whin your'e blushin', Ned?"

"Arrah! now don't be laughin' at me, Mike; sure we can't help our wakeness—it's only before her, that the heart of me melts away intirely."

"Never mind avic; shure it's a good man's case any way, an' so purty Nelly has put the *comether* over your sensibilities?"

"You may say that Mike *aroon*. The niver a bit of sinse have I left, if it's a thing that I iver happened to have any; an' now, Mike, without jokin' isn't it mighty quare that I can't get the cowardly tongue to wag a word out of my head when her eye is upon me,—did you ivir see Nelly's eye, Mike?"

"Scores o' times."

"May-be that isn't an eye!"

"May-be there isn't a pair of thim, since you come to that."

"The divil such wicked lookin' innocence iver peeped out of the head of a christian afore, to my thinkin'."

"It's nothin' but right that you should think so, Ned."

"Oh, Mike! to me the laugh that bames out of thim, whin she's happy, is as good to a boy's feelin's as the softest sun-ray that iver made the world smile—but when she's sad;—oh murdher! murdher, whin thim wathery diamonds flotthers about her silky eye-lashes or hangs upon her downy cheek, like the dew upon a rose-lafe, who the divil could endure it. Bedad, it's as much as I can do, to stare up agin' them merry glances, but when her eye takes to the wather, be the powers of war it bothers the navigation of my heart out an' out."

"Thrue for you, Ned."

"An' thin her mouth! Did you iver observe Nelly's mouth, Mike?"

"At a distance, Ned."

"Now, that's what I call a rale mouth, Mike; it doesn't look like some, only a place to ate with, but a soft-talkin', sweet-lovin' mouth, wid the kisses growin' in clusthers about it that nobody dare have the impudence to pluck off, eh! Mike?"

"Howld your tongue, Ned."

"If Nelly's heart isn't the very bed of love, why thin Cupid's a jackass, that's all. An' thin' her teeth, did you notice thim teeth? why pearls is pavin' stones to thim; how they do flash about, as her beautiful round red lips open to let out a voice that's just for all the world like talkin'-honey, every word she says slippin' into a fellow's soul, whether he likes it or not. Oh! Mike, there's no use in talkin', if she isn't an angel, why she ought to be, that's all."

"You're mighty far gone, Ned, an' that's a fact. It's wonderful what a janius a boy has for talkin' nonsense when the soft emotions is stirrin' up his brains. Did you ever spake to her?"

"How the divil could I? I was too busy listenin'; an' more betoken, between you an' me, the rale truth of the matter is, I couldn't do it. Whether it was bewitched I was, or that my senses got dhround wid drinkin' in her charms, makin' a sort of a month of my eye. I don't know, but ev'ry time I attempted to say somethin' my tongue, bad luck to it, staggered about as if it was corned, an' the divil a word would it say for itself, bad or good."

"Well now, only to think. Let me give you a word of advice, Ned: the next time you see her, take it aisy, put a big stone upon your feelin's an' ax about the weather; you see you want to bowlt out all you have to say at once, an' your throat is too little to let it out."

"*Be the mortial*, an' that's a good advice, Mick, if I can but folly it. This love is a mighty quare affection, ain't it?"

"Thremendious. I had it once't myself."

"How did you ketch it?"

"I didn't ketch it at all. I took it natural."

"And did you ever get cured, Mike? Tell us."

"Completely."

"How?"

"I got married."

"Oh! let us go to work."

From the foregoing characteristic conversation between Mick Riley and his friend, Ned Flynn, it would appear pretty evident that the blind boy's shaft,

"Feathered with pleasure and tipped with pain,"

was fast embedded in the heart of the latter, or in plainer and not less expressive phrase, he was bothered entirely by Miss Nelly Malone.

During an interval of rest from mowing, the dialogue took place; that over, they resumed their labor; the convalescent "married man" humming a sprightly air, which kept time to the stroke of his scythe, while the poor wounded deer, Ned, came in now and then with an accompaniment of strictly orthodox sighs. It certainly was a most extensive smite on the part of pretty Nell; and a nobler heart never beat under crimson and gold, than the honest, manly one which now throbbed with the first ardor of a passion pure and unselfish. A short time longer, and they rested again. Ned was sad and silent; and the never forgotten respect, which makes suffering sacred in the eyes of an Irish peasant, kept Mike mute also; at last Ned, with a half downcast, whole sheepish expression, said, the ghost of a smile creeping over his features,

"Mike, do you know what?"

"What?" said Mike.

"I've writ a song about Nelly."

"No," rejoined his friend, with that ambiguous emphasis which might as well mean yes.

"Is it a song?" adding, with dexterous tact, "An' why the mischief shouldn't you; sure an' havn't you as iligant a heart to fish songs up out of as anybody else. Sing us it."

"I'm afeard that you'll laugh if I do, Mike."

"Is it me?" replied Mike, so reproachfully, that Ned was completely softened. After the making-your-mind-up minute or two, with a fine clear voice, he sang.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

All ye sportin' young heroes, wid hearts light an' free,
Take care how you come near the town of Tralee;
For the witch of all witches that iver wove spell
In the town of Tralee, at this moment does dwell.
Oh, then, don't venture near her, be warned by me,
For the divil all out is the Rose of Tralee.

She's as soft an' as bright as a young summer morn,
Her breath's like the breeze from the fresh blossom'd thorn,
Her cheek has the sea shell's pale delicate hue,
And her lips are like rose-leaves just bathed in the dew;
So then, don't venture near her, be warned by me,
For she's mighty destructive, this Rose of Tralee.

Oh! her eyes of dark blue, they so heavenly are
Like the night sky of summer, an' each holds a star;
Where her tongue mute as silence, man's *life* they'd control;
But eyes an' tongue both are too much for one's soul.
Young men, stay at home, then, and leave her to me,
For I'd die with delight for the Rose of Tralee.

And now, after this topoftical illustration of the state of Ned's feelings, and inasmuch as they are about to resume their labor, let us leave them to their mowing, and see after Miss Nelly Malone, for love of whom poor Ned had *tasted* of the Pierian spring.

In a neat little chamber, bearing about it the unmistakable evidence of a tidy woman's care, sits the individual herself, her little fingers busily employed in knitting a very small stocking—her own; no trace of wealth is to be seen in this humble abode, but of its more than equivalent comfort, it is redolent. At the open casement there peep in the blossoms of the honey-suckle and the sweet-pea, filling the air with a perfume, more grateful than art could ever obtain; sundry *artless* prints, and here and there a ballad on some heart-breaking subject, probably amongst them the highwayman's autoballadography, wherein he heroically observes,

"I robbed Lord Mansfield, I do declare,
And Lady Somebody in Grosvenor Square,"

are fastened to the walls decorated with festoons of cut paper, of most dazzling variety of color, a fine plump contented lark, in an open cage, which he scorns to leave, returns his mistress's caress with a wild grateful song, whilst, tutored into friendliness a beautiful sleek puss, whose furry coat glances like satin in the sun ray, dozes quietly upon the window sill, indulging in that low, purr, which is the sure indication of a happy cat. It is the home of innocence and beauty, fitly tenanted.

And what are pretty Nelly's thoughts, I wonder; a shade of something, which may be anxiety or doubt, but scarcely, sorrow softens the brightness of her lovely face. She speaks, 'twill be no treason to listen. You will perceive that the cat is her confidant—a discreet one it must be confessed.

"It's foolishness, so it is; is'nt it puss?"

Puss does'nt condescend to notice the remark.

"Now Minny, is'nt it, I ask you, is'nt it folly, the worst of folly to be thinkin' of one who does'nt think of me? I won't do it any more, that I won't. Heigh 'ho, I wonder if he loves me. I somehow fancy he does, and yet again if he did, why couldn't he say so; there's one thing certain, and that is, I don't love *him*, that is to say, I won't love him; a pretty thing indeed, to give my heart to one who would'nt give me his in return. That *would* be a bad bargain, would'nt it puss?"

Pussy acquiesced, for silence they say, is

synonymous. "But oh!" resumed Nelly, "if I thought he *did* love me—there now, I've dropped a stitch—what *am* I thinkin' of—I must'nt give way to such foolishness. Why, the bird is done singin', and Minny is looking angry at me out of her big eyes—don't be jealous, puss, you shall always have your saucer of milk whatever happens, and—hark! that's his step, it is! he's comin'! I wonder how I look," and running to her little glass, Nelly, with very pardonable vanity, thought those features could not well be improved, and, the most curious part of the matter, she was right.

"He's a long time coming," thought she, as stealing a glance through the window-curtain she saw Ned slowly approach the garden gate; gladly would she have flown to meet him, but maidenly modesty restrained her; now he hesitates a moment, takes a full gulp of breath and nears the house; at every approaching step Nelly's pulse beat higher, at last she bethought herself that it would be more prudent to be employed; so, hastily taking up her netting which was twisted and ravelled into inextricable confusion, with a seeming calm face she mechanically plied her needles, her heart giving one little shiver as Ned rapped a small-chicken-livered rap at the door. Nelly opened it with a most disingenuous, "Ah! Ned, is that you, who *would* have thought it. Come in, do."

The thermometer of Nelly's feelings was about fever heat, yet she forced the index to remain at freezing point. "Take a chair won't you."

And there sat those two beings, whose hearts yearned for each other, looking as frigid as a pair of icicles, gazing on the wall, the floor, pussy or the lark. Ned suddenly discovered something that wanted a deal of attending to in the band of his hat; whilst Nelly, at the same time, evinced an extraordinary increase of affection for the cat. To say the truth, they were both very far from comfortable. Ned had thoroughly made up his mind to speak this time, if ruin followed, and had even gone so far as to have settled upon his opening speech, but Nelly's cold and indifferent "take a chair," frightened every word out of his head; it was essentially necessary that he should try to recover himself, and he seemed to think that twisting his hat into every possible form and tugging at the band were the only means by which it could be accomplished. Once more all was arranged, and he had just cleared his throat to begin, when the rascally cat turned sharply round and stared him straight in the face, and in all his life he thought he never saw the countenance of a dumb creature express such thorough contempt.

"It well becomes me," thought he, "to be demeanin' myself before the cat," and away flew his thoughts again.

Of course all this was very perplexing to Nelly, who, in the expectation of hearing something, remained patiently silent. There was another considerable pause; at last, remembering his friend Mike's advice, and moreover cheered by a most encouraging smile from the rapidly thawing Nell, Ned wound up his feelings for one desperate effort, and bolted out—

"Is'nt it fine to-day, Miss Malone?"

Breaking the silence so suddenly, that Nelly started from her chair, the lark fluttered in the cage, and puss made one jump bang into the garden.

Amazed and terrified, by the results of his first essay, fast to the roof of his mouth Ned's tongue stuck once more, and finding it of no earthly use trying to overcome his embarrassment, that the more he floundered about the deeper he got into the mud, he gathered himself up, made one dash through the door, and was off like lightning. Nelly sighed as she resumed her knitting, and this time she was sad in earnest.

"Well, what luck?" said Mike, as nearly out of breath from running, Ned rejoined him in the meadow. "Have you broke the ice?"

"Bedad I have," said Ned, "and more betoken, we fell into the wather through the hole."

"Why, would'nt she listen to you?"

"Yes, fast enough, but I did'nt give her a chance, my ould complaint came strong upon me. Ora! what's the use in havin' a tongue at all, if it won't wag the words out of a fellow's head. I'm a purty specimen of an omadhaun; there she sat, Mike, looking out of the corners of her eyes at me, as much as to say, spake out like a man, with a soft smile runnin' about all over her face and playing among her beautiful dimples, like the merry moon bame dancin' on the lake. Oh, murther! Mike, what the mischief am I to do? I can't live without her, an' I hav'nt the heart to tell her so."

"Well, it is disgraceful," replied Mike, "to see a good lookin' man disparage his country, by flinchin' from a purty girl; maybe it might do you good to go an' kiss the BLARNEY STONE."

"That's it," exclaimed Ned, joyously clapping his hands together and cutting an instinctive caper, "that's it. I wonder I niver thought of it before: I'll walk every stitch of the way, though my legs should drop off before I got half there, do you think it 'ud do me good to kiss it?"

"Divil a doubt of it, sure it was never known to fail yet," said Mike, oracularly.

"Why then, may I niver ate a male's vittles, if there's any vartue in the stone, if I don't have it out of it. And that very night, so eager was Ned to get cured of his bashfulness, off he started for Killarney. It was a long and tedious journey, but the thought of being able to speak to Nelly when he returned, was sufficient to drive away fatigue; in due time he reached the far-famed castle,

"On the top of whose wall,
But take care you don't fall,
There's a stone that contains all the Blarney'".

Ned climbed with caution, discovered the identical spot, and believing implicitly that his troubles were now at an end, knelt, and with a heart-whole prayer for his absent Nelly, reverently kissed *The Blarney Stone.*

True, devoted love, had lent him strength to overcome the difficulties of access, and imagination, that powerful director of circumstance, did the rest. It was with humility and diffidence he had approached the object of his pilgrimage, but he descended from it with head erect, and countenance elated; he could now tell his burning thoughts in *her* ear, he was a changed man; a very pretty girl who officiated as guide, and upon whose panting lips, report says, the efficacy of the charm has been frequently put to the test, met him at the archway of the castle, for no other reason in the world than merely to try if he were sufficiently imbued with the attractive principle. Ned watched an opportunity, and, much more to his own astonishment than to hers, gave her a hearty kiss, starting back to watch the effect. She frowned not, she did not even blush. Ned was delighted; his end was obtained.

"He could kiss who he plazed with his Blarney," consequently, feeling supremely happy, without losing another moment, he retraced his steps homeward.

Meantime Nelly missed her silent swain, whose absence tended materially to strengthen the feeling of affection which she entertained for him; day after day crept on, yet he came not; and each long hour of watching rivetted still more closely her heart's fetters. Now for the first time, she acknowledged to herself how essential he was to her happiness, and with a fervent prayer that the coming morning might bring him to her side, she closed each day. Her wonder at last at his continued absence, quickening into anxiety, and from anxiety into alarm, jealousy, without which there cannot be a perfect love, spread its dark shadow o'er her soul, and she was wretched. In vain she reasoned with herself; the sun of her existence seemed suddenly to be withdrawn, and all was gloom, even the very bird, appearing to share his mistress's mood drooped his wing and was silent; so much are externals influenced by the spirit of the hour, that her homely chamber felt comfortless and solitary. Nelly loved with a woman's love, devotedly, intensely, wholly; to lose him would be to her the loss of all that rendered life worth living for; her's was an affection deserving that which was given in lieu, although as yet she knew it not.

Gazing out one day in the faint hope of seeing something of her beloved, her heart gave one sudden and tremendous bound. She saw him—he had returned at last. But how changed in demeanor. Can her eyes deceive her? No, Her heart tells her it is he, and it could not err. Instead of the downcast look and hesitating step, joy laughed forth from his face and his tread was easy, frollicking, and careless; as he came nearer, she thought she heard him sing; he did sing! what could it portend? Had he found one who knew how to break the shell of reserve? 'Twas torture to think so, and yet it was the first image that presented itself to her anxious heart. It was now her turn to be tongue-tied, dumb from agitation; she could not utter a syllable, but trembling to the very core, sat silently awaiting what she feared was to prove the funeral knell of her departed happiness.

With a merry song upon his lips, Ned lightly bounded over the little paling and in a minute more was in her presence. Speak or move she could not, nor did his first salutation place her more at ease.

"Nelly," said he, "you drove me to it, but it's done! it's done!"

"What's done, what can he mean," thought Nelly, more agitated than ever.

"It's all over now," he continued, "for I've kissed it. Don't you hear me, Nelly? I say I've kissed it."

"In Heaven's name," cried the pale trembling girl, "what do you mean, kissed who?"

"No *who* at all," said Ned laughingly, "but *it*, I've kissed *it*."

"Kissed what?"

"Why the Blarney Stone to be sure," screamed out Ned, flinging his hat at pussy, and executing an extremely complicated double shuffle in the delight of the moment; indeed, conducting himself altogether in a manner which would have jeopardized the sanity of any one but a love-stricken Irishman.

"Sure it was all for you, Nelly, mavourneen, that I did it; it has loosened the strings of my tongue, and now I can tell you, how deeply your image is burnin' within my very heart of hearts, you bright-eyed, beautiful darling!"

What more he said or did, it will be unnecessary for me to relate; suffice it to say that the world-renowned-talisman, lost none of its efficacy on this particular occasion. One observation of pretty Nell's I think is worthy of record. At the close of a most uninteresting conversation, to any body but themselves, the affectionate girl whispered to him:

"*Dear Ned, you need'nt have gone so far!*"

The course of true-love sometimes *does* run smooth, a great authority to the contrary nevertheless, for in about three weeks' time, the chapel bells rang merrily for the wedding of Edward and Nelly. Aye, and what's more, neither of them had ever cause to regret Ned's visit to THE BLARNEY STONE.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1845

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE.

An impostor calling himself *A. C. How, Agent*, has been soliciting subscribers and receiving money for the "United States Saturday Post" in Indiana and along the National Road. *He is no Agent of ours.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have, this week, a batch of foreign news, which is chiefly worth notice, because many of our contemporaries, from a cursory view of the subject, have elevated some mere trifles in it to momentous consequence. Though the inflation of such bubbles does make newspapers interesting, we always feel inclined to puncture them with a pen point, for the mere fun of seeing them totally vanish into their original frothy inconsistency, if nothing more.

The marvel of this week—the particularly particular item of immense importance—would seem to be, that as Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe dined off the same ox on New Year's Day, they sipped, in the bellicose marrow of the prize beast aforesaid, concurrent designs and determinations to neglect their own business and interfere with ours. This is a sort of "intelligence" that will do very well for the "private correspondence" of the journals which delectate the quidnuncs and male old women of Paris and London; but it is hardly the pabulum for news devourers on this side of the Atlantic.

A great deal of the political news in European newspapers is "*Yellow Plush Correspondence*," correctly spelled and punctuated, but deficient in the wit which "Chawles" possessed, and about on the same grade with the humorous valet's letters and opinions for authenticity. The movements of European cabinets are conducted with a quietness and secrecy, which has forced those who would be wise above what is officially proclaimed, into a constant habit of guessing. Sometimes the "exclusive intelligence" mongers guess right, and sometimes they do not; but in either case their conjectures are delivered with a solemn air of truth and knowledge, which must be highly amusing to those who stop to think of it. Every movement of royalty, from a visit to France, down to the decision of the whipper in of the royal hounds, as to how many shall be entered for prospective coursing, and how many shall furnish food for fishes forthwith, is strained to have a highly important political bearing. In this country the newsboys sell the *private* documents of the Senate at a penny a copy. In Europe they manage matters differently; and guesses and speculation take the place of knowledge. Straws are counted as showing which way the wind blows—and auguries are collected from these straws, and mighty storms are recorded, when there is no wind, at all, in fact, not even a zephyr.

The newspapers say "England has conceded to France the Right of Search, and France in return, agrees to unite with England in a protest against the Annexation of Texas to the United States." Let us look at this Kendall Green Men of Buckram story, and if a plain tale does not put it down more completely than Fat Jack was dumbfounded by royal Hal, then we are mistaken, and for once the prophets are right.

Among the matters received by the last previous arrival, was a copy of the London Spectator, in which the editor, as his thunder for that publication, proclaimed to all and singular the governments of Europe, from the Queendom of England and Kingdom of the French, down to that German principality, the head of which has to lie abed while his shirt is washed, that it was their duty to unite in a protest against the annexation above mentioned. About the same time there was some conference, concession or convention, between England and France, about metal buttons, the etiquette of burning powder, dowsing the peak, or some such important matter. That and that were put together by the editor of *Le Siecle*, a Parisian newspaper, and perhaps by others. The private opinions of the London editors became cabinet determinations, by an error in the translator, who rendered them into French; the metal buttons fastened the teguments on this newspaper quasi diplomatic scarecrow—and—*Voila!* The American editors are recording the *fact*, thus fancy born in a French editor's box, at the Opera; or, perchance picked up in the lobby of the French English Theatre.

There may be more truth in the "Remonstrance" story, than we admit; and the authorities at Washington, may be possessed of it. If, however, such be the case, it is a greater marvel than the comet—a cabinet secret kept eight-and-forty hours. And that, too, in spite of the noses of the letter-writers. It *may* be true—but if true, it is a miracle.

There is another subject upon which the English periodicals are speculating, the conjectures in relation to which, seem more probable than those to which we have been alluding. Perhaps, however, their speculations may be as wild in one case, as in the other. It is alleged, that the British Ministry has opened a secret diplomatic correspondence with the Papal See, and has enlisted the Priesthood to quell the agitation in Ireland, in part, by concurrence in the privileges accorded by the new Charitable Bequests Bill. One thing is certain; that Mr. O'Connell has denounced that Bill from the outset, and protested against the acceptance of it, by Ireland. And another thing also, is certain, *viz:* that a portion of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland, and among them some of the formost in ecclesiastical rank, and decidedly the most eminent in talents, have accepted commission under the provisions of the law. It is also certain, as will be noticed from the news in this day's paper, that a part of the populace, of their own faith, too, have insulted and threatened these clergymen for so doing. And it will be remembered, that Mr. O'Connell bitterly lamented the course of these clergymen, when the fact of their acceptance was first announced, because, he said, it amounted to a division in the Church, and a triumph over their brethren. The event has proved his predictions well founded. The ranks of the people, before united, and following, implicitly, Mr. O'C.'s directions, *are* broken. Whether these facts, for facts they are, argue the truth of Peel's alleged "treaty" or "convention" with the Papal See, remains to be proved; but of themselves, taken with the whole history of the course of the Ministry towards O'Connell, and Ireland, they prove Sir Robert one of the most adroit and able statesmen who have wielded the destinies of the English people.

Of the merits of the questions of "Annexation" on this side of the water, and of "Repeal on the other, we do not in this connexion profess or purpose to speak. What we have written, is principally to show what we regard as an *absurdity*. England will not unnecessarily expose herself by any open interference or any declaration against the Annexation of Texas; nor, were she disposed so to do, would she go across the channel to ask France into an alliance with her, in "regulating" the affairs of this continent. The interests of the two countries, in relation to colonies, and to distant countries, are far from being so harmonious, as to make an alliance of this kind, whether partial or complete, desirable or even tolerable.

WASHINGTON.

We have need to remind no American reader that the day on which this paper is dated is the anniversary of the birth of GEORGE WASHINGTON. While nothing which we can say can add a leaf to his laurels, and nothing which any man living can write can diminish his fame, we should be failing in our own duty to pass such an occasion without a note of attention. We are bound, as are all other citizens, to remember, and to cause others to recollect the example which he has left us; and to cite the fame which has outlived party spirit and the attacks of contemporaries, as a proof that those who deserve well will receive the willing justice of a grateful people. While we can commend no living politician or statesman with entire immunity from suspicion as a partizan; it is a grateful exercise of patriotism to turn back and dwell on the virtues of those whose account is closed; and to praise where we can do it without liability to the charge of speaking from interest or prejudice.

Such is the popular feeling. Men of all parties and of no political party, meet on common ground this day; rejoicing, apparently among other causes of gratulation, that there is one thing at least, on which this party-divided country can speak unanimously—the fame and glory of one whose whole character—not mere exploits—furnish the brightest page in the history of his time. The worst man may furnish glorious passages for the history of his country, honorable in his public, while despicable in his private life; or the good man may shine for awhile in all relations, and then sink, the partial praises of his countrymen kindly dropping a veil over the ill conclusion of what was well begun;—but few—very few—like Washington, are examples to posterity from the cradle to the grave, and alike honorable in all relations, and under all circumstances.

The ancients made their heroes after death, gods and demi-gods. We, better taught, stop short of that impious folly; and as our reverence is preferable to their idolatry, so is the character of the subject of our respect and veneration immeasurably above that of any niche-filler in the Pantheon. Let it not then be empty words, or mere declamation. Let us endeavor to feel what we profess, and to imitate what we so much laud and hear lauded.

As appropriate to this day we submit a poem from "The Leyden Bard," which has lain many days in our possession, awaiting this anniversary.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Blest is the land that in its greatness feels
The mellow breeze which Freedom's lofty breath
Wafts o'er its plains: where reason, perched aloft
Upon the summit of intelligence,
Smiles at the feeble writhings of the serfs,
Whose necks with ignorance are bound to earth,
And sorely trammeled by the tread of kings.
The proper sphere for Liberty is light;
There man is man, and not the slave of *slaves*,
For where his thoughts and feelings are confined
Within the narrow compass of his hearth,
And never, e'en in whispers, heard beyond,
Their energies must soon be lulled to sleep
Within the gloomy chasm of despair.
Then degradation spreads her mournful pall
O'er all his hopes and social sympathies,
Beneath whose shameful curtain he is swept
Unheard, unnoticed, and unknown, to ruin.
But where no frontier rears its frowning head
To fetter thought, except the boundless space
Of vast infinity; and mind unchained
In reason, or in fancy's shallop glides
Upon the bosom of reflection's tide,
There truth and system must have their abode
In stately grandeur peers the public mind,
Robed in its pristine galaxy of light;
And despots tremble to behold the land
Where Freedom dwells, and Liberty prevails.
Such is the land, the labors, and design
Of him who well conceived, and carried out
A brilliant scheme of human happiness.
He moved his lips, and hemispheres stood mute.
He waved his hand, and legions came with joy,
To do his bidding, and award him praise.
His rusty sabre he with dread unsheathed,
To cultivate the dreadful art of war,
Amid the files of his united band.
But kingdoms his delightful mandates heard,
And statue-like they lingered back aghast
To see, admire, and tremble as he spoke.
The path to glory beaten well, and fresh
With trails of champions that had gone before.
Seemed dignified, and honored to excess,
As first he entered on the weary march,
And trod upon the portal's golden step
Of fame's time-honored Parthenon.
The hand
Of high Omnipotence protected him,
In peril's hour through warfare's mingled din;
And his deep gratitude to smiling Heaven,
Stands registered upon time's records now,
By far the brightest token of his life—
A lasting echo of what man should be.
The champion of the sacred rights of man,
And victor o'er the mistress of the seas,
He valued not what mortal greatness brought;
But humbly 'mid the honored of his race,
Resigned a sceptre of such costly worth,
That e'en the proudest potentate of earth,
Could ne'er demand a more illustrious boon.
The foes that first as captives to him came,
No sooner gazed upon his lenient brow,
Than in a grateful shout of tender thanks,
With beating hearts that his kind mercies touched,
They praised the goodness of his noble heart.
E'en mid the legions of his enemies,
Were voices heard that proudly spoke, to bless
The Institutions that to him gave birth.
The sage like maxims which fell from his lips,
In careful recollection were preserved,
As precepts that should be a nation's guide;
And which might teach the Delphian priests of old
A lesson heretofore to them unknown.

Whilst in life's grand arena last he stood,
And to his fellow-lab'rers bade adieu,
A nation's warmest sympathies gushed forth,
In streams of adoration o'er his head.
Loud were the shouts which hailed him victor now,
As soldier, statesman, citizen and friend,
Their patriotic echoes spread abroad,
Retaining with new lustre for his name;
Whilst ev'ry bosom vied with eager care,
To twine around his silvered hairs a wreath
Of everlasting gratitude and love.

Behold him after life well spent, in peace,
Upon the margin of his fav'rite stream,
Beneath the branches of domestic shade
There be his harp of meditation tuned,
To notes of sweet reflection; and behold
Beyond the narrow pale wherein he sat,
His NAME, his COUNTRY, and young LIBERTY
Bloom altogether—three most noble flowers!
This was the glory of a virtuous life
To move at large before a wond'ring world
In all the pomp and majesty of fame,
Unscathed by envy's sharp and fatal tongue;
Hurl to the earth a mighty corner-stone,
Whose downfall should regenerate mankind;
And when the vast achievement had been done,
Fly to his home, and there expire in peace!
To contemplate the virtues of this Sire,
Amazement bursts, and wonder fills the brain
With marvellings at Nature's handiwork
How from the deep research of ages past
She could conceal perfection's mould of mind;
And then, as though unconscious, send it forth,
To ornament immortal WASHINGTON!

THE WEST.

It is stated that Civilization advances toward the Pacific at the rate of one degree—sixty miles—per day. Waste places become farms and villages, villages towns, and towns cities, with immense rapidity. In Western, Mo., residences cannot be obtained quick enough for the rapid increase of its inhabitants. During the past year 177 steamboats arrived in that place, and during the next year near 300 are calculated upon; yet this town has only been in existence about three years.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

The revolution in Mexico is now complete—unless some curious and entirely unexpected event should turn up to change the complexion of affairs. Santa Ana is a prisoner in the castle of Perote, the same prison where he so long detained the Texan prisoners—a cold dreary place. It is stated that the fallen general had sent, from Perote, a new communication to the Chambers, requesting that the passport for which he had already asked, might be granted him, in which case he would banish himself perpetually from the country. He also stated that he would appoint an agent fully empowered and qualified to respond to any charges or claims made against him, leaving his landed estates and property as a guaranty for the satisfaction of all, and moreover speaks of the responsibility of his Ministers. This communication the Grand Jury were acting upon in secret session on the night of the 23d ult., and the result of their deliberations was not known. It is further stated that this Grand Jury are furious against the captive, while the present Executive of Mexico manifested a feeling of clemency and at the same time of regret that he did not escape out of the country and thus save the Government further trouble. A letter dated Vera Cruz, January 31st, expresses the belief that the life of the tyrant would not be taken. His young wife was in prison with him, as was also an old friend of his, Senor Lazaro Villamil.

And now for the particulars of his capture. We mentioned in our last paper he had made several attempts upon the city of Puebla; attacking it at the head of four thousand troops, one half of which were cavalry. In these endeavors he was repulsed with considerable loss. Soon afterwards he left the army, about four leagues below Puebla, with an escort of several hundred men and proceeded towards Jalapa. Before arriving at that city he parted with his escort, and attempted to make his escape to the mountains on foot, and in the disguise of a friar. At the same time, to favor his escape, his troops placed themselves under the command of the Constitutional General of the Department, professing that their only object had been not hostility, but to give Santa Ana safe escort. This they said was performed—the general had succeeded in making good his escape, and nothing now remained but for them to place themselves at the disposal of the Government.

This artifice, however, was not successful. A vigorous search was made for the General, but he was, after all, taken by accident. The Indians all know Santa Ana, and have no particular love for him. On the 15th of January he was discovered in a barranca (ravine) near a little Indian village called Jito, some leagues from Jalapa, by a couple of Indians who were hunting. The dogs belonging to the Indians became restive and furious, the Indians followed the direction of their barking and found the Dictator, who offered them his watch and such money as he had about him if they would guide him to his hacienda. This they refused to do, but gave the alarm and he was taken prisoner. When he was captured he had taken off his cork leg, on account of the inflammation produced by walking upon it, and was carried by his servants.

Every thing at latest dates was proceeding quietly; and the new government was organizing its forces and resources in all directions. We trust that it may be strong enough to save the life of the fallen Dictator, and permit him to proceed out of the country. As Herrera, the new President, has already interposed his executive clemency in favor of several persons condemned to death by Courts martial, it is hoped that the triumph of the new party will not be marked by any sanguinary atrocities.

THE PRESIDENT.

Hon. James K. Polk, President elect of the United States, arrived at Washington on Thursday evening week, and was received under the discharge of a national salute. He was conducted to his lodgings, at Coleman's Hotel, escorted by a Democratic Committee of Congress, the associations of the District, and hundreds of citizens, who swelled the concourse without thought of party.

On the day following, the Joint Committee appointed by the Senate and House of Representatives—the Hon. R. J. Walker, on the part of one branch, and the Hon. Edmund Burke and the Hon. Linn Boyd on that of the other—waited upon him and informed him of his election to the office of President of the United States, for the next term of four years, from and after the third day of March, 1845.

The President elect signified his acceptance of the office to which he had been chosen by the People, and expressed his deep sense of gratitude to them for the confidence which they had reposed in him, and requested the committee to convey to the two Houses of Congress assurances that, in executing the responsible duties which would devolve upon him, it would be his anxious desire to maintain the honor and promote the welfare of the country.

The committee likewise informed the Hon. George M. Dallas of his election to the office of Vice President of the United States; and that gentlemen, in signifying his acceptance of the office to which he had been chosen, expressed his profound gratitude to them, and declared that, drawn unexpectedly by the generous suffrages of his fellow-citizens from the shades of private life into the full glare of official station, it was difficult to repress the solicitude that he might not be equal, to the exigencies of so sudden a change, but that, swayed by an ardent devotion to the high honor, true interest, and fast union of the American States, he would enter with zeal upon the duties assigned to him, in the hope of at least partially realizing the expectations of those by whose confidence he had been honored.

FIRE AND DEATH.

On Saturday, the 8th inst., the steamboat Pathfinder took fire off Rodney, Miss., and was burned. She was in the middle of the river, and the pilot was early driven from the wheel by the smoke and fire; and the engineer was also compelled to desert his post. She had a large load of cotton, and the flames spread with alarming rapidity. A scene of confusion and dismay ensued—the crew and passengers endeavored to save themselves, some by sticks of wood, bales of cotton, planks, &c. Immediately on the alarm of fire being raised, three of the crew took the yawl—two of them with the intention of saving themselves, the other of rendering assistance as soon as two were landed. The one man, by the name of John Barge, came to the assistance of the distressed Others of the crew, and the clerk and captain aided Barge, and a boat from the shore belonging to Mr. Bendarant came to their assistance. Many were picked up nearly dead with the cold and cramps, and were hospitably entertained by Mr. Bendarant's family. On mustering the crew and passengers, all were found except the following, two of whom were seen to drown:

Passengers—S. Carlton, of Yabanapatapha, Miss.; Samuel Caldwell, of Grenada; John Butler, of do.; — Pinchback, of Illinois; Mr. Huggins, of Grenada; Douglas Hardin, steward, one fireman, name unknown.

LOSSES AT SEA.

It is stated that as many as two hundred and eight vessels were wrecked in the last twelve months on our coast alone, in which one hundred and five lives were lost. Twenty vessels are yet missing, and a number of wrecks have been passed at sea, whose melancholy story we fear will never be told. Of late years seven hundred lives yearly have been lost at sea from this country alone, where are one hundred and forty thousand seamen. Two thousand from England, where are two hundred and ninety thousand. In the county of Barnstable, Mass., there were living, a short time since, nine hundred and thirty-four widows of sea-faring men.

On the great Lakes, as we learn from the Buffalo Advertiser, during the year 1844, 39 vessels were driven ashore; of which number 16 were totally lost. Amount of tons destroyed, 2,200. Loss $141,000—attendant with a loss of 51 lives.

OHIO SCHOOLS.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 13, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:

In your paper of the 8th inst., I noticed a paragraph, in which you state, "It is said that of half a million of children in Ohio, of a proper age for schools, only about 50,000 are receiving education. This will never do for the Buckeye State."

Errors, such as the one contained in this statement, never will do to go abroad in reference to the Buckeye State, uncontradicted. From the Report made to our Legislature, on the 15th of January last, by S. Galloway, Esq., Secretary of State, "on the condition of Common Schools in Ohio," we learn the following facts relative to schools, &c., for the last year:

Number of Common Schools in 41 Counties,	3,321
" " Scholars attending Schools in 9 do.	48,870
" " School houses built in 1844 in 36 do.	115
Amount paid Teachers in 38 Counties,	$136,703
" of tax raised in 36 "	$94,503
Cost of School houses in 33 "	$17,317

Thus you will see that the number of scholars attending school in NINE counties is 48,870. And some editor probably took this number as the whole number attending school in Ohio.

We have 79 counties; returns are made by 45 only. The Secretary says:—"There are in the State about 7,000 Districts, 13,000 teachers, and 460,000 scholars connected with more than 13,000 Common Schools.

In the District represented by the Hon. J. R. Giddings in Congress, composed of the counties of Cuyahoyer, Lake, Geauga and Ashtabula, containing, in 1840, a population of 80,208, there were, according to the returns of the last census—

Common Schools,	390
Number of Scholars,	21,790
Number of white persons over 21 years of age who could not read or write,	81
Number of voters, Nov., 1844,	16,510

I believe that a very large proportion of the children in out state are *now* receiving education in our Common Schools. In the great business of *Universal Education*, the people of Ohio are progressive. Much has been done within the last few years; but much more remains to be done. The public must be aroused—the great deep of *Mind* must be agitated, and the people must be made to think and feel and *give* and *pay* more liberally for the purposes of education. Men must take the *stump* in favor of education the same as they do for or against some political measure. Ignorance must be abolished—for Liberty and Ignorance cannot *live* together. In this Republic, as the people are the source from which all power is derived, and from which laws for the protection of life, property and reputation, gain all their force, how important it is that they should be educated so as to know and do their duty to each other and to their country.

As a nation, we boast of our *Intelligence*; and yet we have more than *half a million* of adult population who cannot read or write; and the number of children in this Union who are growing up to be fathers and mothers, without education, is truly fearful. There is a fearful responsibility resting upon those who see the dark cloud of ignorance that is hanging over this land, and make no effort to displace it. We may talk of Tariffs and Free Trade, of Banks and Sub-Treasuries, of Canals and Railroads, and of other public questions—but give *the people* knowledge—let every man be educated so that he can *fully understand the interest* of his country, and every measure of public policy *will be right*. It was said by William Penn: "Governments rather depend upon men, than men upon Governments. Let men be good, and the Government cannot be bad; if it be ill, they can cure it. But, if men be bad, let the Government be never so good, they will endeavor to warp or spoil it to their turn." Liberty, Virtue and Knowledge will make us, as a nation, the most favored under heaven. Ignorance will destroy the fair Temple of Freedom, that was reared by so much toil and treasure. As a people, we must be *educated*, must be *free*, or this nation will be "a Blind Giant," capable only of wrong and outrage. I took up my pen only to correct an error, but I have written you a letter.

Yours, truly,
JAMES A. BRIGGS,
Auditor of Cuyahoyer Co., Ohio.

A PHILOSOPHIC MIND.

Superstition fades before the light of reason; and spectral, optical and other illusions are removed by the exercise of calm philosophical investigation. A great example of this kind occurs in the life of West.

In his youth he was attacked by fever; and when good nursing and good medicine began to remove his complaint, another adversary invaded his repose. This was a shadowy illusion, which, like an image in a dream, was ever unstable, and changing shape as well as hue. It became first visible in the shape of a white cow, which, entering at one side of the house, walked over his bed and vanished. A sow and a litter of pigs succeeded. His sister thought him delirious, and sent for a physician; but his pulse had a recovering beat in it, his skin was moist and cool, his thirst was gone, and everything betokened convalescence. While the doctor stood puzzled about a disease which had such healthy symptoms, he was alarmed by West assuring him that he saw the figures of several friends passing at that moment across the roof. Conceiving these to be the professional visions of a raving artist, he prescribed a draught which would have brought sleep into the eyes of Argus, and departed. As he went, up rose West, and discovered that all those visitations came through a knot hole in the shutters, which threw into the darkened room whatever forms were passing along the street at the time. He called in his sister, showed her the apparitions gliding along the ceiling. On recovering, he made various experiments, which he communicated to a painter of the name of Williams, who found it to be what Butler calls a "new-found old invention." He produced a London *camera obscura*, and West contented himself with the praise due to collateral ingenuity.

RAILROADS.

The amount of capital now invested in Railroads in this country, is about $100,000,000. There are nearly 5,000 miles of road, and the average cost is about $20,000 a mile. The Cincinnati Chronicle thus speculates on the continuous lines, which, in a very few years, will doubtless be completed:

1. For example, the great route from Portland to Buffalo, will soon receive two important additions, one at the eastern extremity, prolonging it to Bangor, and the other at the western, uniting Buffalo by means of Mad River and Little Miami Railroad, to the Ohio, when a steam car may be run from Bangor, Me., to Cincinnati, Ohio—*in a continuous railroad one thousand miles in extent!* This supposes that the projected road from Buffalo to Sandusky, is made.

2. When the New York and New Haven and the Baltimore Railroads are to the Ohio completed, (both of which will be done in three years,) there will only need a link from the Ohio in the Little Miami Railroad, to make another grand route of eleven hundred miles from Bangor to Cincinnati, by the great central route. Two-thirds of this whole route are now completed; so that the completion of the other third is no longer a chimerical idea. Of the remaining third, the capital is already at hand for the greater part. The part for which some effort is necessary is that from the Ohio river. there will be no want of capital to complete the remaining link.

MILD WEATHER.

The Mobile papers mention that green peas and asparagus were served on one day, during the first of this month, to the customers at a restaurant. The former were the natural growth, in the open air, of a garden in the vicinity of Mobile—the latter an importation from New Orleans. As an evidence of the mildness of the winter in that region, it is stated that green peas have been furnished in the market every week this season, in greater or less quantities, from the garden of Mrs. Barnes, within the limits of the city, and not more than a mile from the city proper.

WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.

We recommend to the reader's careful perusal the poet Taylor's glorious letter, in this number of the Post. Let him not be deterred from the perusal by the hackneyed themes, for under the hand of our correspondent the most well-worn and description-worried subjects start into new life and beauty. We acknowledge to have almost held our breath while perusing portions of the letter under notice. We shall probably have one more letter on English subjects, and then the next will be from the continent.

ANOTHER CORRECTION.

Last week a story was started, through the letter writers, that a remonstrance upon the subject of Mr. Calhoun's Despatch to Mr. King, had been sent from Great Britain to Washington. Doubting the story, and crowded for room, we did not insert it; and we now allude to the subject, only to say to those who may have met the rumor in other quarters, that *no such communication has been received.*

THE RANDOLPH WILL.

The jury in this case, after a day's deliberation, last week brought in a verdict establishing the will and codicil of 1821 as the last will and testament of John Randolph. This sets aside most of the heirs, and manumits the slaves. An application for a new trial, on account of alleged informalities, is, however, pending.

THE LICENSE LAWS.

In the case carried to the U. S. Supreme Court, Samuel Thurlow, plaintiff in error, vs. the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Court being divided on the question as to the unconstitutionality of the Massachusetts License Laws, have delivered no opinion, but directed that the case be continued to the next term.

NEW YORK I. O. OF O. F.

It is stated that the total receipts of the order of Odd Fellows, in New York, in 1844, was $88,700. The amount expended in burial, relief, and other expenses, was $35,274. A large portion of the residue is on hand, ready for contingencies; as the current expenses of the order are very small.

THE COMET.

It is stated on the authority of some of our astronomers that the two comets (Mauvais' and the new one,) were in conjunction on Tuesday, at a distance of one degree and a half from each other. No such phenomenon has ever been known to occur before.

A CHANCE.

A Bachelor advertises in the Green Bay Republican, that sixteen or twenty Eastern damsels, of a suitable age, could soon enter into agreeable co-partnerships, by migrating to that part of Wisconsin.

Foreign Intelligence.

A WEEK LATER.

By the arrival of the packet ship Roscius, at New York, we have London and Liverpool dates to the 11th of January, a week later than our advices by the steamship.

The Cotton market had sustained its prices against an importation of 71,000 bales during the week preceding. The prices declared by the Board of Brokers were: for fair cotton, bowed 4¼, Mobile and New Orleans 4½. The grain and provision markets present no change.

From the Manufacturing Districts we hear that the markets continued in a healthy state. Money was easy, and first class bills were doing at the rate of 2 and 1½ per cent per annum.

The official Revenue Table of the British Empire, exhibits an aggregate, for the year, £51,235,538; being a nett increase on the year previous, of £1,163,595.

Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. King, had excited much comment in the English papers—but the excitement appeared to have subsided. We find no confirmation of the rumor which has been put in circulation here, that the British Government had applied to this Government for an explanation, and therefore conclude that no such demand has been made.

The prevalent impression was, that the Pennsylvania interest would not be paid. By this time, therefore, the doubters are agreeably disappointed.

The London Times of the 11th, notices Mr. Bibb's financial report at length.

The steamer Great Britain, on trial, went nineteen miles in exactly one hour and ten minutes, without being put to the top of her speed.

A great effort is now making, in many parts of England, to get rid of a portion of the income tax.

The affair of the Church engrosses no small attention on the part of the British Press.

According to the private letters from Berlin, the Queen and Prince Albert will pay a visit to the German Courts at an early day.

A journey of one hundred and ninety-four miles on the Great Western Railroad was recently performed in four hours and twenty-five minutes.

The was a great Free Trade meeting at Manchester on the 9th ult., at which Mr. Geo. Wilson presided. Among those present were Mr. Cobdin, M. P.; Mr. Bright, M. P.; Mr. Mark Phillips, M. P.; and other gentlemen.

A rumor has been freely circulated, and obtains increasing credit, that Sir Robert Peel intends to submit to Parliament a scheme for taking the power of governing the British territories in the East, out of the hands of the Hon. East India Company, and placing them immediately under the Crown.

The gale of the 11th and 12th of December was terribly severe. Accounts of disasters by it were pouring into England. We have facts enough that the gale was at least twenty-five degrees of longitude in width.

The Catholic prelates in Ireland, who espoused the Charitable Bequest Act, are becoming very unpopular, and there is said to be a design upon the life of Archbishop Murray. The rumor has this much authority, that, on Jan. 5, the Rev. Mr. O'Carroll, one of the curates in the Roman Catholic Church, Westland Row, announced from the pulpit, that a letter had been received in town on Saturday morning, from a magistrate in the county of Tipperary, stating that a deeply laid conspiracy was formed in the south of Ireland, to assassinate the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in consequence of his having accepted the Commissioner-ship under the Charitable Bequests' Bill. This intelligence has produced the greatest excitement in Dublin. A report was likewise prevalent, that one of the clergymen of the same church (Westland-Row) was grossly insulted as he proceeded on the following morning to the altar to celebrate mass.

CONTINENTAL.

The French papers, ever fertile in wonderful discoveries, announce that England is disposed to concede the Right of Search, on condition that the French Cabinet join that of London, to obtain an European declaration against the Annexation of Texas to the United States.

The French Ministry had a triumph in the election of members of a committee to draw up an answer to the address from the throne. Seven out of the nine chosen were favorable to the Ministry. This is regarded by the ministerial organs as a great triumph, and by the other party, as a great defeat—another struggle will come on the adoption of the address, when it is reported.

Still another and a much more important battle will take place on the project of the King to endow his family. There is said to be no doubt of the fixed determination of the King to make another attempt to carry the Dotation Bill. On this point it is well known his Majesty has made up his mind, and considers it one of the most important duties imposed upon him, to make provision for the due maintenance of the Duke of Nemours' authority, in the event of his Majesty dying before his grandson comes of age. Feelers have been repeatedly put forth on this subject, during the last two years, which gave results so unfavorable, that M. Guizot declined to bring the measure forward. According to the *Universe*, the affair is to be put off no longer, and a Dotation Bill is to be presented to the Chamber shortly after the discussion on the Address, but whether by Guizot or Mole, no one can tell.

The receipts of the Customs at the Port of Havre, for the last year, amount to 26,898,120f., being an increase of 1,309,098f. upon those of 1843. Upon foreign sugars alone the produce was 2,203,394f., being an increase of 421,617f. There was a decrease in the navigation duties of 142,494f.

Admiral Dupetit Thouars received, on Tuesday, the deputation charged to offer him the sword of honor. The Admiral thanked them for their good intentions; but refused this mark of public sympathy, declaring that he had done nothing but obey the orders of his government, and it was for them to blame or recompense him.

Accounts have been received by the French Government from the Marquesas to the 10th of July, at which date a perfect understanding existed between the French and the natives, and every thing was going on satisfactorily.

From Marseilles, most dreadful accounts have been received of disasters committed by the late storms. It appears certain that no less than eighty vessels were lost in the Black Sea, the greater portion of them insured in France.

The French Government do not expect much advantage from the trade with China; the English and Americans having monopolised the market for white and unbleached calicoes,—the Russians for cloth, and the Swiss for printed calicoes.

The late Solomon Heine, of Hamburg, has left £140,000 to different charities; to each of his clerks £60 for each year of service; £40,000 to each of his sons-in-law, and to his son, his residuary legatee, a property equivalent to £60,000.

Dates from Madrid are to the 1st, but they bring very little intelligence. The papers are principally occupied with accounts of debates upon a proposed Reform Bill, the purport of which it is exceedingly hard to extract.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Miscellaneous Items--London Fog--Public Executions--Mount Etna--Fire in Bulukesser--Bavarian Censorship -- Parisian Police--Parisian Superstition--English Absentees--Russian Jews--English Statistics--New Pay Day--New Work by Dickens -- Shocking Murder -- Things that can hardly be beaten.

Bristol, England, Jan. 10, 1845.

I have no leading topics to comment on today, as in my last two letters, except those of a political character. But as you are fully informed of all these by the public papers, I abstain from them, and dash indiscriminately into the minor occurrences and small talk of the day.

A few days ago, a soldier of the 11th regiment, shot himself while on duty, in Chatham Dock Yard, owing to the girl of his heart having jilted him, for the purpose of marrying another man. Another instance of the uncertainty of human judgments, has recently occurred in Yorkshire. About a year ago, a man named Mason, was tried at the Assizes for that county, for a burglary, and sentenced to twenty years transportation. Last week, two men were captured for another burglary—and they have since confessed the crime for which Mason had been sent to New South Wales. Of course, the former will be recalled as soon as possible—but what misery for an innocent man to endure! During a recent dense fog in Glasgow, several persons were drowned by walking into the water; while at Liverpool, the Birkenhead ferry-boat came in contact with a ship, and seven persons were drowned. The fogs also in London, have been very dense; but attended with no fatal accidents. I am happy to say that public executions in London and Middlesex, have decreased wonderfully of late years. There were none during the three years ending in 1836—only three for the three years ending in 1839—and very few since—some years none at all. This argues well, not only for the humane reforms in the laws, but also for the diminution of serious crimes. Scarcely any crime is now punished with death, in England, except murder; and where that is fully proven, there is no hope for the culprit. I must, however, make one exception. It is that of William Petter, just convicted at York, of having set a house on fire, while several people were sleeping in it. The Judge sentenced him to die, with no hope of a commutation of the penalty—and I think that every one will agree that his diabolical crime was equal to murder of the worst kind. Mercy to such miscreants would be cruelty to the innocent!

Mount Etna has been making a show of late. There was a dreadful eruption of that volcano early last month, and many vineyards destroyed. There has been a frightful conflagration at Bulukesser, in Magnesia, which has destroyed the town. Many lives were lost, and the calamity was occasioned by incendiaries; but from what motive, is yet unknown. The houses destroyed, are fifteen hundred in number, besides public buildings. Much discontent prevails in Bavaria, owing to the severe censorship of the press. Nothing can be published there, that is not first shown to the authorities.

The *Duchess D'Aumale* is quite *petite*—a *blonde*—with light hair and blue eyes. On the 18th ult. a dinner was given by the officers of the old Imperial Guard, in celebration of the anniversary of the removal of the ashes of Napolean into Paris, from St. Helena. Another frightful accident has occurred on the Versailles Railway, by which the conductor and several persons were killed. A few nights since, as *Monsieur Lebron*, son of the late Belgian Ambassador, was alighting from his carriage, in Paris, he was stabbed and robbed, by ruffians who escaped. He is said to be in a dangerous condition. You may imagine the state of Paris, when I tell you, that from the 1st to the 21st of December, there were seventy-four attempts at street robberies in that city—generally accompanied with violence. This, too, in a metropolis so celebrated for its Police! But the fact is—there is a great lack of religion among the masses of Paris, and particularly the males; and the absence of this "one thing needful," will ever be attended with deplorable effects. The papers state that last year, one hundred and fifty married women in France, were charged with killing, or attempting to kill, their husbands. The principal witness, *Barbier*, who swore against Madame Laffarge, is now in prison for robbery. The *Presse* says that much superstition also prevails in Paris—and that necromancers and astrologers are consulted to an immense extent. The English theatrical company in Paris, will soon bring their campaign to a close, after a brilliant and successful career. Taglioni has an engagement at Madrid. There are said to be 4,000 English families now in Rome. Really, it is a very unpatriotic fashion that our higher classes have gotten into—of spending their immense incomes in foreign countries. I wish Sir Robert Peel would propose a swinging Absentee Tax. I am convinced such a measure would be popular. On New Year's Day, the Courts of St. James's, and the Tuilleries, partook of the same prize ox. Mr. Minton, the Queen's butcher, bought the animal, and having obtained permission from Louis Philippe, presented him, through the French Embassy, with a sirloin, a rump, and an aitch-bone. These joints weighed 250 lbs! The Jews of Russia are leaving that Empire in every direction, fearing that the Emperor will send them to Siberia. What persecution! The fossil carcase of an enormous crocodile, but differing in some respects, from every species of that animal now existing, has been found near Bonn, on the Rhine—proving that "once upon a time," crocodiles inhabited that river. An old beggar and *chiffonier*, named Peruchon, died about ten days since, in the *Faubourg St. Martin*, Paris. He was about eighty years old, and in the "Reign of Terror," was known by the *sobriquet* of "*La Lanterne*," from his alacrity in hanging people to lamp-irons. He once saved the daughter of a noble house, together with her father and mother, on condition that she would marry him. She did so, and her family were saved. He died a reckless drunkard, in misery, neglect and penury.

The latest Parliamentary returns, show that the British Government has expended the enormous sum of £27,114,771, in suppressing the Slave Trade! Also, that 58,000 seamen are employed every year, between England and her American colonies. A new reform has been commenced, and I think one that will prove very beneficial to the working classes. It is that of paying wages on a Thursday or a Friday, instead of Saturday. The Bishop of Chichester, in a late Charge to his Clergy, says:—"If masters would pay their workmen on Thursday or Friday, instead of Saturday, I believe that many a victim to intemperance might be saved. Their Sunday comforts would be improved, and the duties of the Sabbath-Day would be much less interfered with."

The Queen has granted the widow of Lieut. Col. Stoddart, £150 pounds a year. It will be remembered that her husband was murdered in Bokhara. A new work from the pen of Dickens, is forthcoming—also a new historical romance by the Author of *Henri Quatre*. A shocking murder has been committed at Dunse, in Scotland—the victim being a Mr. Colburn, who was about to be married. It is supposed to be the act of some jealous rival. William Kendrew was executed last week, for the murder of Mr. Inchbald, near Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. One of the officers of the line of battle ship Caledonia, goes two or three miles ashore regularly, in a Mackintosh (india-rubber) dress, which he inflates, and by that means walks leisurely in the water, in which he is about breast high. During the late storm, a vessel was wrecked near Hartlepool, and six lives lost; and on Monday, five persons were killed, and as many wounded, by the explosion of a locomotive on the South Eastern Railway. Horne & Co.'s extensive and well-known carriage manufactory, in Oxford street, London, was burnt down last week; damage £20,000. About a fortnight since, the editors of the "Norfolk Chronicle," and the "Norwich Mercury," both died suddenly. A turnip has been raised by Mr. Skelbett, of Stainton, which weighed 20 lbs. 8 oz. Beat that, if you can! Mr. Saunders, silk-mercer, Regent street, London, has just put in his shop-window, a single plate of glass, 12 feet 9 inches by 7 feet 7 inches—containing 95 square feet. Beat that if you can! A thief, an "artful dodger," in this city, a few evenings since, tied the door of a jeweller's shop. He then broke a pane of glass, and stole twenty-eight gold rings, with which he escaped, the inmates being unable to pursue him. Beat that, if you can! The mammoth iron steamer "Great Britain," has had another trial in the Channel, in which she was completely successful. I expect she will be at New York about Midsummer, and—beat her, if you can! A widow at Exmouth, had her house broken into, last week, when sixty sovereigns were stolen. The burglar was seized with remorse the next day, and sent her back the money! Mr. David Lewis, a carrier, was robbed, on Saturday, of a large sum of money, and murdered, near Brecon. A laborer, named Gordon, was accidentally killed at Bervie, a short time since. He had lived in squalid penury—but on searching his papers, he was found to have been possessed of a large fortune, the whole of which he has left by will, for the education of the poor of the town. General Tom Thumb, has been assessed £728 for the Income Tax; and the Commissioners are resolved that it shall be paid. Why not? The town of Beer, in Dorsetshire, and three considerable towns in Somersetshire, are without a single lawyer. Happy people!

Fires.

☞ During the recent storms and high tides, which were swelled to an unusual degree in the Long Island Sound, by the north-easterly winds driving the waves into that narrow arm of the sea, a building at Hempstead Harbor, on Long Island, standing in the lumber yard of Mr. Wm. Hicks, took fire in a singular manner. It contained a large quantity of fresh lime, and in the intense heat thus occasioned the building took fire and was consumed.

☞ At Chicago, Illinois, on the 3d inst., a fire broke out in the sash factory of Mr. Wm. Price. Several other dwellings were entirely destroyed, most of the furniture being saved. The Columbian House was among the buildings consumed. It was the property of the Hon. I. Wilson, of Batavia.

☞ Mr. Goodrich's house, in Allegheny Co., N. Y., took fire about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 6th, after the family went to bed. The fire was not discovered until after the kitchen was in flames, and three of the six children perished. Mr. G., himself, was badly burned.

☞ The gin-house of Dr. J. C. Boyd, of Madison county, Mass., was burned on the 24th ult., together with fifty bales of cotton. The corn-crib of Wesley Drane, near Canton, was also destroyed by fire on the 31st, with its contents, being about 1,000 bushels.

☞ The mill, near Fish's paper mill, in Westhampton, Mass., occupied by Mr. Martin Wright, for the manufacture of cotton batting, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night week, about ten o'clock. Loss about $1,000. The origin of the fire is not known.

☞ The Orthodox Meeting House in West Brattleboro', Mass., was entirely destroyed by fire on the 2d inst. The bell and clock are the principal loss, as the building was quite old, being the first meeting house ever built in the town.

☞ The Clarksville, Tenn., Chronicle reports the destruction by fire of the valuable iron works of Stewart & Dick, near Cumberland River, known as the La Fayette Furnace. Loss estimated at $30,000. No insurance.

☞ On the evening of the 6th, the long row of stone buildings at the corner of Hill and Elizabeth streets, Rochester, N. Y., were destroyed by fire with all their contents.

☞ H. G. Park's paper mill, Westfield, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on the 14th inst. Loss between $6,000 and $7,000.

New York City.

SHOCKING SUICIDE.—On Tuesday last a young Spaniard, named Aldama, was observed to open the dormer window on the third story of the house of Mr. G. L. Taillant, 58 Barclay street, having only on his boots, pantaloons and shirt. After sitting upon the frame of the window for some time, and using violent gesticulations, he climbed up over the projecting gutter and gained the roof. He then sat across the roof of the attic window, and commenced declaiming in an unintelligible manner to a crowd of persons who congregated in the street, but who, though a painter's ladder had been left at the house adjoining, which was well secured and reached above the eaves of the house, seem to have been afraid to attempt any interference with the young man, who was evidently laboring under mental aberration. Abruptly closing his harangue, he pushed back his hair from his temples, and placing his hands in the position of one about to dive, and securing additional impetus by the action of his feet, he plunged over into the street, and lighting upon his head on the flagged footpath, was instantly killed, his brains being scattered in every direction upon the pavement. It is stated that he was sent to New York from Havana, by his father, to break up an attachment he had formed, for one whom his parents did not wish him to marry. Despondency led to delirium, and insanity to the terrible result we have recorded.

☞ It is stated in the "Etats Unis," that a day or two since, a popular beau of New York society, who visited a young lady with the avowed designs of matrimony, was received, at the hitherto open door, by two of her brothers, and used with some unceremonious freedom. They had discovered *that he was married elsewhere!*

☞ The New York Express says: "A large fleet of vessels arrived here between Sunday and Monday forenoons, consisting of 11 ships, 13 barques, 18 brigs, 40 schooners, 28 sloops—total, 110. Among them two packets from Liverpool, one from Havre, and one from London."

☞ The number of Valentines received at the New York post office, on the 14th instant, is said to be between 20 and 25,000, and the number delivered, about 13,000.

☞ They had a smart thunder storm in New York on Saturday night. Lightning was also observed here.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$3 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.
Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
Mr HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, R. B. Hussey, and John Collins.*
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for March*, contains three *original* steel engravings. One is a beautiful picture of "Jeanie Deans," the heroic sister in Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothia." Another is a view of the great road erected by Napoleon over the Alps, called "The Simplon." The third is a steel fashion-plate, the prettiest thing Mr. P. has yet published. The contributions are varied and excellent. Mrs. Stephens has a fine essay on the mental education of children. The Rev. Mr. Matheson's story of "Caroline Grahame," is a powerfully written tale: and its air of reality adds greatly to its merit. We have no doubt such incidents are daily transpiring around us. Miss Ashton has a well-told story called "The Factory Girl," which we shall endeavor to give next week. We notice in the Home Department some excellent remarks on tight-lacing and thin shoes, which we commend to the especial notice of parents. Indeed this Magazine is, in every respect, better adapted to the ladies than any other: it contains a fund of useful information, besides its agreeable literature and its pre-eminence in reporting the fashions: it is in fact a *home book*, as well as a companion for the boudoir, and we wonder how any female can be without it. The present number well sustains the high former reputation of the work.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. *Harper & Brothers* have laid on our table, through *Ferrett & Co.*, a valuable theological publication. It is a volume of 600 pages, entitled, "A Chronological Introduction to the History of the Church, being an Inquiry into the true dates of the Birth and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and containing an Original Harmony of the Four Gospels, now first arranged in the order of time, by the Rev. Samuel Farmar Jarvis, D. D., L.L. D." The Protestant Episcopal Church, at its Convention, in 1838, appointed the author its Historiographer, to prepare a History from the Reformation to the present time. The volume under notice is preliminary to the main work; and gives evidence of untiring research and industry in its preparation. It is a most valuable work to all Christian Teachers, and an important addition to the ecclesiastical literature of this country, already celebrated.

TEXAS AND THE GULF OF MEXICO, *or Yatching in the New World. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is the first number of "The Home and Traveller's Library," a series of volumes adapted to the pocket or the fireside, and of a shape so neat, and execution so good, as to be worthy of preservation after reading. This first volume is a very interesting journal, kept by a lady, who visited this continent in a Yatcht Schooner, and records her observations and experiences in a very pleasant manner; and with much more impartiality and tolerance of other customs, than we usually find in men. An extract from her book, which is a fair specimen of the style and contents of the whole work, will be found on our last page.

MY OWN STORY. *By Mary Howitt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is Mary Howitt's own story of her own teens, and we regret to find that it is the last of a series of tales which have been read with interest and improvement by more youth in this, than in her own land, we are sure. As a writer for the young, she is unrivalled, combining simplicity and strength, and naturalness and vivid interest. This book, we are inclined to think, is one of the most fascinating of the whole collection—the more is the pity that it is the last.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT. *Lea & Blanchard* have published a third edition of Dr. Brigham's Remarks on the Influence of Mental Excitement and Mental Cultivation upon Health. Since the publication of the first edition it has been issued in two or three editions in Europe, prefaced by such men as Macnish. It is a most excellent work, and worthy the perusal of every person who has charge of education, and of every man who cultivates his own intellect.

CONSTITUTION *of the United States. Butler & Williams* have published a Brief Exposition of the Constitution of the United States, for the use of Common Schools, by John S. Hart, A. M., principal of the Philadelphia High School. This is a very useful book, the contents well arranged and clearly presented, so that the ordinary scholar can comprehend them. Of the importance of the subject it is unnecessary to speak.

SACRED MUSIC.—*Ferrett & Co.*, have just published a volume of Chaunts of the Protestant Episcopal Church, consisting of a double set of original chaunts to each psalm; with new music to all the chaunts that are sung at the festivals; and a complete set of selected chaunts, by Charles Jarvis, a well known Professor of Music, and editor of many musical works.

MAGAZINES.—The Magazines for March, are this year quick on the issue. Graham's, Godey's, Arthur's, and the Columbian, have each come to hand, but we are unable to notice them this week; our space being pre-occupied. We can only say, that the friends of each will find themselves well cared for. We extract a story from the Columbian.

THE NUN, *or, Life in a Convent. New York: Farmer & Daggers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.*—This is a re-print of a work which was run through five editions in London. It seems to be ably written, and belongs to that class which manages controversy through the medium of narrative.

THE MAID OF HONOR, *or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.* This tale, a translation from the French of Madame de Bawr, forms No. 46 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is for sale by *T. B. Peterson*, and *Ferrett & Co.*

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE. Number XXIII. of this work, now out, brings us within one of the conclusion. The publishers have found the demand such as to induce a much greater expedition in the publication than they contemplated.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL. No. 19 of Harper's Pictorial Bible brings the work down to to the twentieth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles. It is received by *Zieber & Co.*, by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Ferrett & Co.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC TENETS.—Cunnigham has published a little book, by Bishop Kenrick, in explanation of the leading tenets of the faith of the Roman Church. He has also issued Nos. 20 and 21 of the Douay Bible.

THE MAGIC GOBLET. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a tale translated from the Swedish of Emilie Carlen, author of The Rose of Thistle Island. That was received with favor, and this will also be.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. This work, published in this city by Canning, keeps up its interest, and increases the favor with which the public welcomed it. It is a most acceptable periodical.

☞ The eighth number of "Smith's Volume," just issued, contains the continuation of the interesting work on Texas and Mexico, with other useful matter.

Personal News.

☞ The Stamford (Ct.) Advocate states that on Sunday, the 19th ult., the Rev. Daniel Smith, of the Congregational Church of that place, delivered his last regular discourse from the pulpit which he has occupied for fifty-two consecutive years. Mr. Alvord has been settled as his assistant. At the time of Mr. Smith's installation, the church consisted of seventy-seven members, all of whom have been gathered to the tomb. During his pastorship he has baptized six hundred and one persons, attended three hundred and thirty-five weddings, and preached 6,028 sermons.

☞ McLeod, who created such an uproar over the country on account of the part he took, or rather boasted, for notoriety sake, that he took in the Caroline affair, is now petitioning the Canadian Legislature for relief, alleging that his imprisonment in the United States reduced him to poverty.

☞ James S. Buckmaster, Esq., of Frederica, Kent county, has been appointed Treasurer of the State of Delaware. Abraham Staats, Esq., of New Castle county, has been appointed State Auditor.

☞ Gen. Cass was to leave Detroit, on his way to Washington, to take his seat in the new Senate, on the 4th of March next.

☞ Rev. John H. Fairchild came voluntarily into the Municipal Court, Boston, on Saturday last, and had his indictments read to him. He gave bail in the sum of $1,000 for his appearance, and his trial is assigned for the 24th day of March next.

☞ We perceive that our old friend, John T. Adams, Esq., formerly resident in Harrisburg, is now in practice of his profession in Norwich, Conn. Those in want of legal services there, will find his address in the proper column.

☞ It is stated in the Springfield Gazette, that Hon. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, has made a munificent donation to Amherst College, for the permanent endowment of the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in that institution.

☞ The family of Mr. Polk consists of Mrs. Polk, and her charge, Master Marshall Polk, a lad ten years old, the son of a deceased brother who lived in North Carolina, and whom Col. Polk has adopted, and Mr. Walker, his Private Secretary.

☞ The friends of the Hon. R. T. Conrad, who have heard of his sudden and dangerous illness, by the rupture of a bloodvessel, will be rejoiced to hear that he is convalescent.

☞ The New Orleans papers are commenting in raptures, upon the singing and playing of a Madam Hammarskold, in New Orleans. Phoebus what a name!

☞ Ole Bull is making a wonderful sensation at the West. New Orleans ran crazy after him—and at last dates, he was the prevailing epidemic at St. Louis.

☞ The nomination of Judge Nelson, of New York, to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was confirmed by the Senate on Friday week.

☞ Hon. John White, a member of Congress from Kentucky, has been nominated by the Governor of that State as a judge in the 19th judicial district.

☞ The liberty of the Senate Chamber has been presented to ex-President Lamar, of Texas.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

THE TUNNEL—ST. PAUL'S—THE STRAND—TRAFALGAR SQUARE—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

London, August 19th, 1844.

Continuing our way down the Thames, through the narrow streets of Wapping, we passed St. Katharine's Dock, capable of containing 150 vessels, and this in the midst of the city, communicating with the Thames by a channel. Over the mouth of the Tunnel is a large circular building, with a dome, to light the entrance below. Paying the fee of a penny, we descended by a winding staircase to the bottom, which is seventy-three feet below the surface. The carriage-way, still unfinished, will extend further into the city. From the bottom the view of the two arches of the Tunnel, brilliantly lighted with gas, is very fine; it has a much less heavy and gloomy appearance than I expected to find. As we walked along under the bed of the river, two or three girls at one end began playing on the French horn and bugle, and the echoes, when not too deep to confuse the melody, added much to the effect. Between the arches of the division separating the two passages, are shops, occupied principally, by venders of fancy articles, such as china, containing views of the Tunnel, engravings, &c. In the middle is a small printing press, where a sheet containing a description of the construction of the whole work is printed for those who desire it. Not being a stranger to this art, I requested the boy to let me print one myself, but he had such a miserable roller I did not succeed in getting a good impression. The air within is somewhat damp, but fresh and agreeably cool, and one can scarcely realize in walking along the light passage, that a river is rolling above his head. The immense solidity and compactness of the structure precludes the danger of accident, though considering the nature of the undertaking, it is remarkable so few accidents occurred. It will for a long time be a noble monument of human daring and ingenuity.

Our next visit was to St. Paul's. Joining the crowd in Ludgate street who were going westward, we were hurried by the tide to the New Royal Exchange, which we stopped to glance at. The original building, which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was burned down on the night of the 10th of January, 1838. The present edifice, the corner stone of which was laid between two and three years ago, with great ceremony, by Prince Albert, is now far advanced toward completion. The front is of the Corinthian order, and the building, when finished, will be one of the finest in London. In front an equestrian bronze statue is erected, but I did not learn of whom. Just opposite is the Bank of England; and this vicinity may perhaps be considered as the centre of business, the strongest tides generally flowing in this direction, and at the meeting of Cornhill and Cheapside, the tumult is almost bewildering. The Bank is enormously large, covering eight acres, but its outward appearance is not at all striking, compared with the Exchange. The various elevations are in the Corinthian style, copied after the Sybil's Temple at Tivoli.

But St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur excelling every thing I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look up to it; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, give it a dim, shadowy appearance that perfectly startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches—it seems blackened for two hundred years with the coal-smoke of London, like a relic of the giant architecture of the early world. And in the interior is what one would expect to behold, after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side, encompassing the dome, which you look up at, as at the sky; and from every pillar and wall look down the marble forms of the dead. There is scarcely a vacant niche left in all this mighty hall, so many are the statues that meet one on every side. They are executed in such a style of art that I became tired of admiration. However, with the exceptions of John Howard, Sir Astley Cooper, and Wren, whose monument is the church itself, they are all to military men. I thought if they had all been removed except Howard's, it would better have suited such a temple, and the great soul it commemorated.

The ascent was a work of no inconsiderable magnitude. First we came to the whispering gallery, on the inside of the dome, where, by walking around to the other side, the boy entertained us with an account of the size, history, &c., of the church, in a whisper which was carried distinctly across. I never was more impressed with the grandeur of the human mind, than when ascending the dome. I could not conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. That small frame of Sir Christopher Wren must have contained a mind capable of vast conceptions. It is like the summit of a mountain; so wide is the prospect, and so great the pile up on which you stand. London lay beneath us, like an ant-hill, with the black insects swarming to and fro in their long avenues, the sound of their employments coming up like the roar of the sea. A cloud of coal-smoke hung over it, through which many a pointed spire was thrust up; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment, and the millions of red roofs would shine out clearer. The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted caterpillar. The scene was like an immense circular picture in the blue frame of the hills around. The ball is about eight feet higher, but we did not care to pay a shilling and a half to be crammed into a narrow chamber where nothing could be seen.

Continuing our way up Fleet street, which, notwithstanding the gaiety of its shops and its constant bustle, has quite an antique appearance, we came to the Temple Bar, the western boundary of the ancient city. It is a triple arch, and in the inside of the middle one, the old gates are still standing. Formerly the heads of traitors were spiked over the bar. Immediately to the right is the Temple, a collection of irregular buildings, occupied by law students, barristers, &c. I was not before aware that this had formerly been the residence of the Knights Templars, from which its name is derived. The church connected with it is very ancient, having been built by the Knights Templars on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and in the western tower are eleven of their tombs. From this point we entered the new portion of the city, which wore an air of increasing splendor as we advanced. Splendid public edifices began to crowd each other on either side. On the right is Exeter Hall, capable of containing 4,000 persons, and a little further the Lowther Arcade, 245 feet in length, with a beautiful roof, the arches of which rest on pilasters. On the left is Somerset House, a magnificent building in which Queen Elizabeth, Anne of Denmark, and other sovereigns frequently held their courts. Farther on is the Royal Adelaide Gallery of Science, a fine large structure of light granite, near the entrance of Trafalgar Square. The appearance of the Strand and Square is truly magnificent. Fancy every house in Broadway a store, all built of light granite, the Park stripped of all its trees and paved with granite, and a lofty column in the centre, and double the crowd, and the tumult of business, and you will have some idea of the Strand. The whole West-End of London, is perhaps unsurpassed in the world for splendor—in fact London is in itself a little universe of splendor and crime.

At the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square is the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, the portico of which is greatly admired for its architectural beauty. The north side is occupied by the National Gallery of Painting, a very fine building, but as I intend to visit it shortly, I will reserve the description till another time. Facing the Nelson Monument at Charing Cross, is a bronze equestrian statue of Charles I., the first erected in England, and near this the splendid mansion of the Duke of Northumberland, surmounted by a lion, the crest of the Percy family. But it is tiresome to describe such a bewildering chaos of splendid edifices. One's admiration is kept constantly on the stretch in walking among them, and the mental fatigue becomes at last greater than that of the body. I have for the first time experienced what it is to get tired of admiring.

It was a relief to get into St. James's Park, among the trees and flowers again. Here the most beautiful winding walks led around little lakes, in which were hundreds of water-fowl, swimming—sometimes a little island would diversify the view, the path would lead between beds of flowers. Groups of merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying their privilege of roaming every where at will, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks. At the western end stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees towards St. Paul's; and through the grove on the eminence above, the towers of St. James's could be seen. But there was a dim building, with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of pointed Gothic pinnacles, that I looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could not linger long in its vicinity, but going back again by the Horse Guards, took the road to *Westminster Abbey.*

We approached by the general entrance, Poet's Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry VIIth's Chapel, but hurried on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes was the words "Oh, rare Ben Johnson," under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spencer and Gay, and a few paces further looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious appearance, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers, so shadowy and impressive, that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the associations of my childhood. There was the gentle feminine countenance of Thompson, and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber, I paused long before the ashes of Shakspeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected—what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is completely fettered by their spirit. Everything is forgotten but the mighty dead, who who still "rule us from their graves."

The Chapel of Henry VII., which we next entered, is one of the most elaborate specimens of Gothic workmanship in the world. If the first idea of the Gothic arch sprung from observing the forms of trees, this Chapel must resemble the first conceptions of that order, for the fluted columns rise up like tall trees, branching out at the top into spreading capitals covered with leaves, and supporting arches of the ceiling resembling a leafy roof. The whole ceiling is of carved stone, as well as the sides and side chapels. These last are filled with tombs of knightly families, the husband and wife lying on their backs on the tombs, with their hands clasped, while their children, about the size of dolls, are kneeling around. Numberless are the Barons and Earls and Dukes, whose grim effigies stare from their tombs. I never beheld such a profusion of sculpture. In opposite side chapels are the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth, and near the former the tomb of Darnley. After having visited many of the scenes of her life, it was with no ordinary emotion that I stood by the sepulchre of Mary. How differently one looks upon it and upon that of the proud Elizabeth!

From it we descended to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, within the splendid shrine of which repose his ashes. In the same Chapel is the magnificent tomb of Henry III., also of Edward I., and his Queen. Here we were shown the chair on which the English monarchs have been crowned for several hundred years. Under the seat is the stone, brought from the Abbey of Scone, whereon the Kings of Scotland were crowned. The chair is of oak, carved and hacked over with names, and on the bottom some one has recorded his name with the fact that he once slept in it. We sat down and rested ourselves in it without ceremony. Passing along an aisle leading to the grand hall, we saw the tomb of Aymer de Valence, a Knight of the Crusades. Near here is the Hall, where the Knights of the Order of Bath met. Over each seat their dusty banners are still hanging, each with its crest, and their armor is rusting upon the wall. It seemed like a banquetting hall of the olden time, where the Knights had left their seats for a moment vacant. Entering the side Chapels which border the great hall, we were lost in the wilderness of sculpture. Here stood the forms of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan and Watts, from the chisels of Chantry, Bacon and Westmacott. Further down were Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Godfrey Kneller—opposite Andre, and Paoli, the Italian, who died here in exile. How can I convey an idea of the scene? Notwithstanding all the descriptions I had read, I was totally unprepared for the reality, and I am glad that it is so, otherwise I would have lost the indescribable feelings with which I have witnessed it. A place so unlike every other place in the world must be seen to be understood. It is only for those who are unable to visit it, a description would be interesting, but if I thought it would induce a few to come, I would write till the pen dropped from my hand.

J. B. T.

☞ A gentleman informs the editor of the Marlboro' Gazette, that while getting ice, a few days since, a black snake, three feet long, was found moving actively in the water. This is curious, as the general opinion is, that snakes remain in a torpid state during the cold weather.

Local Intelligence.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday evening, in the Saloon of the Chinese Museum. The display of greenhouse plants of various kinds, in flower, was splendid, and attracted much admiration from the large number of ladies and gentlemen present.

The Committee on Plants and Flowers awarded the following premiums:

For the best regularly shaped camelias, six varieties, to Alex. Craigg, gardener to Mr. Campbell.
For the next best to John Sherwood.
For the best Camelias of other forms, to John Sherwood.
For the best six green-house plants, to James Basset, gardener to James Dundas.
For the most interesting display of plants, to the same.
For the best bouquet, to the same.
They also noticed with pleasure, two fine tables of interesting plants in bloom, exhibited by Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Buist.
The Committee on fruits, reported that they had examined and tasted the two varieties of apples presented this evening by Mr. Mahlon Moore, one of which is said to be a seedling, and is of very fine flavor, (this the Committee have named the Berks county pippin;) the other, also an excellent fruit, resembling both in taste and appearance a white pippin. Also, a very delicious pear, of the variety named d'Aremberg, of surpassing excellence, resembling very much the flavor of a cantelope. The latter was presented by Mr. J. B. Baxter.
The Committee on vegetables, awarded the premium for the best display, to Anthony Felton, and a special premium of $2 to Patrick Burt, gardener to Mr. Dickson, for some lettuce and radishes.
From the report of the Treasurer, it appeared that the receipts during the last autumnal exhibition, amounted to $2,211 50, and the expenses attending it $1,148 46, leaving a nett profit of $1,063 04. The whole amount of profits from exhibitions, since the establishment of the Society, is reported at more than $9,000.

☞ The tenth annual report of the city gas works has been made. The receipts for the year past have been $181,951 29, and the expenses $162,301 94—leaving an overplus on the operations of the year of $19,649 35. In accordance with instructions, a discount of twelve and a half per cent. was ordered to be made from September 1st, 1844, in the bills of private customers, and from the 1st of February, 1845, the price was ordered to be fixed at $3 per 1,000 cubic feet, with a discount of five per cent. for the prompt payment of bills.

☞ The Association for the relief of disabled firemen has invested capital to the amount of $13,949 58, and the balance in hand is $521 65, making the whole amount of capital $14,471 23. The increase of capital since last report is, therefore, $551 23. Included in this increase is the sum of $300, received under the will of the late Dr. Blenon. During the past year relief has been granted to various persons, amounting to $625 17, and the total amount expended in this manner since the organization of the Association is $3,623 37.

☞ A case re-suggesting caution in the administration of opiates to children occurred in this city the other day. The father of a child being sick the attending physician had prescribed a narcotic, which contained opium. The medicine having a favorable effect on the father, the mother administered it to the child, and from the effects it died.

☞ The case of Col. Charles J. Jack, charged with "embracery," was on Saturday last called up by Judge Jones, who discharged the defendant, there being no testimony against him to sustain the accusation.

Crimes.

☞ The body of Mr. Lucius P. Osborn, 28 years of age, a resident of New Haven, was found early on a recent morning, near the railroad bridge, and within a few feet of the road, dead and frozen. His head was badly cut and broken, and a large quantity of blood appeared to have flown from him. An inquest was held, and the jury gave their opinion that the deceased came to his death by sundry blows from some person or persons unknown. Andrew P. Potter and Charles Coe, were immediately arrested—some circumstances seeming to fasten suspicion on them.

☞ A forgery was committed on the Union Bank, Baltimore, on Friday, in the name of M. Doyle, lottery dealer and exchange broker. The amount secured by the fraud is, $1,755 55, in a single check, $1,500 of which was paid in three notes of that bank, of the denomination of $500 each; and as there is but one other note of that denomination out, it is hoped that so much of the amount will at least be unavailable to the rogue.

☞ Mr. John Garrett, of the firm of Messrs. R. Garrett & Sons, Baltimore, on Friday, while on his way to make a deposit in one of the banks, had part of the money which he had in a bank book, taken by some person, who must have been following him for that purpose. Mr. G. was not aware of his loss until he missed the funds on his arrival at the bank. The amount of the loss is $1,700.

☞ There are now in the Syracuse, (N. Y.) jail, fourteen boys, from 8 to 19 years old, committed for vagrancy and larceny, eight of whom have been committed before, several of them three or four times. One or both of the parents of most of these boys, are intemperate.

General News.

☞ A boundary question exists between Missouri and Iowa, which may lead to a tedious controversy. Gov. Edwards, of Missouri, has just vetoed a bill for the appointment of commissioners with the authority to settle the question. The St. Louis papers call upon their Senators and Representatives to oppose the admission of Iowa into the Union, until its boundaries have been modified in accordance with the claims of Missouri.

☞ The Middletown (Ct.) Constitution, says that O. Holmes, of East Haddam, killed, last Christmas, two geese, which weighed nineteen and the other sixteen pounds. The largest weighed, undressed, (head cut off,) twenty-two pounds. They were white-feathered Bremens. It may be said with truth of Mr. Holmes, that "*his geese are swans.*"

☞ The last snow-storm but one, seems to have covered the widest extent of territory known in many years. On the East, it extended as far as Bangor; on the South, as far as Norfolk; on the West, as far as Michigan, and on the North all over Canada. It is rarely that so wide an extent of country is visited at once by a storm.

☞ Aroostook County, Me., is formed out of the long disputed territory. The land is equal to the best in the State, and many farmers have fields of wheat of seventy-five and a hundred acres, yielding an average of thirty bushels to the acre. There are now in the County, six hundred families, making a population of 3,600.

☞ The Louisiana State Convention, is still in session at New Orleans, engaged in remodeling the State Constitution. On the 6th inst., an important clause was adopted, which provides that naturalized citizens shall reside in the State two years before they can exercise the right of suffrage.

☞ The Lehigh Navigation, according to the Mauch Chunk Gazette, along the whole line from White Haven to Easton, has been put in complete repair since the close of the boating season—and is now in order to let in the water at the earliest practicable period.

☞ The bill reducing the rate of fare on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad to one dollar and a half, was, on Wednesday week, passed by the Senate of the Maryland Legislature. It was previously passed by the House, and is now therefore a law.

☞ The U. S. Frigate Savannah, Com. Armstrong, was at Hado, Sandwich Islands, 21st Sept. last. H. B. M. ship Carysfort, Lord Geo. Paulet, was also there at the same time.

POSTSCRIPT.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

TWENTY-THREE DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the packet steamship Hibernia, we have London dates to the 4th inst.

At the time of sailing the news had not been received (of course) of the act directing the payment of the Pennsylvania interest, and all was still in doubt—doubt aggraved by speculators.

The cotton market remains without any change worth notice. The prospects of the manufacturers were bright. Money continued very easy.

Parliament opened on the day of the steamer's departure. There is no news of any moment from England.

The French Ministry had carried their answer to the Kinge's Address, and on some other test questions, had a small but sure majority.

From Spain, we learn that the Guerilla Chief Zurbano and his brother-in-law had been captured and shot. Previous accounts, stated that he had escaped, but the last is authentic.

The Swedish Cantons were in a distracted state—amounting to open warfare.

The Roman Pontiff is stated to be dangerously ill.

There is, we regret to find, no news of the two missing New York packet ships.

The above are all the items of importance.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Thursday, February 13. The Bill appropriating $20,000 for the purchase of trucks, passed with a slight amendment.

IN THE HOUSE. Mr. Bayard's Bill, for the suppression of riots, passed Committee of the Whole.

IN SENATE, Friday, February 14. Nothing of importance transpired.

IN THE HOUSE. The Senate amendments to the District Election Bill being non-concurred in, a Committee of Conference were appointed. The Bill to suppress riots was under debate; an amendment was adopted, limiting its operation to the City and County of Philadelphia.

IN SENATE, Saturday, Feb. 15. Reports were received, and a great many private and corporation Bills were acted upon, but none finally.

IN THE HOUSE. Resolutions were agreed to: To inquire into the amount of defalcations since 1843, with instructions to the Committee on Reform to report a Bill to make embezzlement felony; do. do., abolishing the payment of members' postages; do., taxing hogs; do., reducing the Philadelphia Coroner's fees. The Bill to suppress riots passed second reading.

IN SENATE, Monday, Feb. 17. Several reports, &c., were made, and among them a Bill was introduced by Mr. Crabb, extending the charter of the Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania, and another by Mr. Quay, incorporating the Farmers' Bank of Clinton County, with a capital of $100,000. The Bill re-chartering the Commercial Bank, greatly modifies in important particulars the act of last year, which the stockholders declined to accept.

A resolution introduced by Mr. Sullivan was adopted, that hereafter no member shall speak more than once on a question, and then only fifteen minutes. The bill for the removal of the seat of justice of Columbia Co., was agreed to, 17 to 14.

A message was received from the Executive, containing the following nominations for Associate Judges, from and after the 27th inst., viz:—

Jonah Brewster, for the County of Tioga.
Strange N. Palmer, for the County of Schuylkill.
Samuel C. Bonham, for the County of York.
John C. Bucher, for the County of Dauphin.
Jno. Montelius, *for the County of Union, in the room of George Schnabel*, whose term of office is about to expire.

IN THE HOUSE, a large number of petitions were presented, and several bills reported, which were generally of a local character, when the bill for the suppression of riots again came up, and the question being on the title of the bill, a motion was made by Mr. Banning to postpone the further consideration of the bill until Wednesday week. He stated his object to be, to have, if possible, a conference between the city and county members, with a view to effect such modification of the bill as would harmonize and satisfy all parties. The motion was agreed to.

The bill defining clearly the rights of sureties, paying the debts of their principals, to be substituted to all the rights and remedies of the creditor, which was then under consideration, passed final reading, after some conversation and modification by the legal gentlemen of the House.

The proceedings of the Legislature on the 19th embrace nothing perfected worthy of note. The Senate, suspending the rules, confirmed the nominations of Judges Brewster and Montelius, as Associate Judges of Tioga and Union Counties.

Congressional.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 12.—No Legislative business of any importance took place in either House, as the two branches met in convention for the purpose of counting the votes for President and Vice President. The votes were counted in geographical order, commencing with Maine—and the result, at the close, was declared to be: For James K. Polk, 170; for Henry Clay, 105. The same vote was given for Vice President—and at the close, the President of the Senate officially declared the gentlemen duly elected.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Feb. 13.—Mr. Fairfield presented the resolutions of Maine, in favor of the admission of Texas. Mr. Ashley introduced a new joint resolution on that subject. The House resolutions formally came up, and pending their discussion, the Senate passed into Executive Session.

IN THE HOUSE.—The bill to admit Florida and Iowa into the Union, passed finally.

IN SENATE, Friday, Feb. 14.—The House Bill for the admission of Iowa and Florida as States, was read twice and referred to the Judiciary. The Texas Resolutions from the House were up, on the question of their indefinite postponement, and Mr. Buchanan made a speech, against that motion, and in favor of the resolutions.

IN THE HOUSE, the West Point Academy and the Navy Pension Bills were passed.

IN SENATE, Saturday Feb. 15.—The discussion of the House Texas Resolutions was resumed, Mr. Rives speaking against the admission of Texas, in any other way than by treaty.

IN THE HOUSE.—The Army Bills were discussed, and reports received from committees.

IN SENATE, Monday, Feb. 17.—The Naval Pension and the West Point Bills were passed. Mr. Woodbury spoke on the Annexation of Texas, and in favor of the House Resolutions.

IN THE HOUSE.—The bill from the Senate, to restrict and grant pensions in certain cases, after being amended, was read a third time and passed. The Bill to regulate and reduce the pay of the Army coming up, Mr. Adams spoke in favor of it, and Mr. Raynor against it. The bill was passed—yeas 107, nays 27.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, Feb. 18.—After some routine business, the Texas question came up, and Mr. Choate, of Mass., made a speech against it, which is spoken of on all hands as one of great ability.

IN THE HOUSE, the bill appropriating $20,000 to refurnish the White House was rejected, 62 ayes to 70 nays. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

WE LET THE FOLLOWING SPEAK FOR ITSELF:

Bridgeton, N. J., Dec. 28, 1844.

Mr. J. M. Steeling—For ten years past I have been dreadfully afflicted with deafness, occasioned by an ulceration in my ear, which caused great pain, and prevented me from hearing or participating in conversation; this ulceration frequently bursted, and I was totally unable to hear in one ear. Having heard the positive and remarkable cures effected by Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, I got a bottle of you, which I used according to direction, and with the best effects, being now restored so as to hear quite well. My father, who has been quite deaf for a number of years, has also received decided benefit from its experience, I am sure it will cure the severest cases if used fairly, and I recommend it to every person suffering from this great affliction. Yours, OLIVER WHITAKER.

Prepared only by B. Bell, and for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, and B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North 2d street, Philadelphia.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—Almost daily new applications of both natural and artificial agents are discovered. Who could have supposed, ten years ago, that a transcript of the human countenance would be penciled by the sunbeams? Thus, in the progress of knowledge, is the sphere of usefulness of all objects continually enlarged. Sands's Sarsaparilla, one of the most valuable discoveries of a wonder-working age, was at first supposed to be applicable exclusively to external disease, such as sores, ulcers, eruptions, and especially scrofula. Experience, however, while it has demonstrated more palpably its efficacy in this class of complaints, has also proved that it is equally serviceable in many others, such as inflammatory rheumatism, torpidity of the liver, general debility, dyspepsia, and a variety of different ailments now known to originate in peculiar states of the blood.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, 79 Fulton street, New York.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2210 shares	Wilmington R. R.		21½a22
1900	do.	Girard Bank,	8a8½
625	do.	Reading R. R.	24½a25
128	do.	United States Bank,	5½a6
100	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	6½
15	do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	87½
11	do.	Mechanics Bank,	24½
11	do.	Phoenix Insurance Co.	31
10	do.	Kentucky Bank,	72
9	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	69½
6	do.	Philadelphia & Trenton R.R.	100a102½
2	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	264½
$6000	Ches. & Del. Canal Loan, 6's,		66½
$22,000	Penna. 5's,		73½
$1500	Lehigh 6's, 1853,		38a38½
$8000	Penna 5's,		73½

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Orange Bank, Orange, N. J.—5's, vignette, shipping warehouses, &c.; on left end Indian and dog. Durand & Co., engravers. Unlike the true bills.

Bank of Owego, Owego, N. Y.—2's, spurious. Vignette a female representing Liberty. On left end Indian seated on a rock.

Troy City Bank, Troy, N. Y.—5's, vignette, on upper part of right end, a steamboat, with the word "Caroline" on the wheel box. Cattle, &c., on the left end. The title of the bank rather faint. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co., New York, engravers.

2's and 3's, on the Danbury Bank, Ct. These counterfeits purport to be engraved by Durand & Co., New York. The genuine notes of this bank were all engraved by Toppan, Carpenter & Co., N. Y.

5's, on the Bank of New Rochelle, altered from ones. The genuine 5's have a sailor for a vignette.

2's, on the Yates County Bank, letter A, with the head of Washington for a vignette. The bill appears to be much shorter than the genuine. The engraving and the work are very coarse.

10's, on the Tremont Bank, Boston, altered from the old Franklin Bank, are in circulation. Very clumsily done.

10's, Morris County Bank, N. J., altered from ones. Vignette, a female, with other apparatus.

50's and 100's, on the Jefferson County Bank. Purports to be engraved by Durand & Co.

10's, Massachusetts Bank, Boston, altered from 1's. An Indian for a vignette. The genuine 10's have the arms of the State.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Remarks.—The mild weather and rain of last Saturday has cleared the Delaware of ice, and the navigation is once more entirely free for vessels to pass up and down without the aid of steam. As the weather is mild, and a number of vessels now beginning to arrive, we shall have an increase in business in a few days.

Ashes—We quote western nominal at $4. *Bark*—A further sale of first quality No. 1 quercitron at $21. *Coffee*—The demand since last week has been exceedingly limited and prices steady. *Cotton*—The market has been rather inactive since our last report, and the sales making reach about 320 bales. We quote ordinary to good middling uplands 5¾a6½; middling fair 6½c; fully fair and fine Mobile 7a7½, on the usual credit. There is a disposition among purchasers generally to await further advices from England, now daily expected. *Fish*—Sales of mackerel and codfish are only in a small way, from store, at previous rates. *Fruit*—But little doing in any kind, and without variation in price. We quote good cranberries $11. *Flour and Meal*—The market for flour is pretty firm, although there is but little export demand, holders generally asking $4,25 for shipping brands. Sales about 1000 bbls new made at $4,25 for fair and good parcels, part for export, including 100 bbls scraped at $4. We quote common to fair brands at $4,12½a4,25, though we believe very little can be had at the former rate. Sales for city use at $4,25a4,50 as in quality, and $4,75a5 for extra brands. Rye flour is scarce; we quote at $3,12½. Corn Meal—The nominal asking price of Pa. is $2,25, Brandywine $2,44. *Grain*—The only sale of wheat is about 1000 bushels Pa. red from store at 87a90c for inferior, we quote good and prime at 93a95c. Rye is worth 65a66c. Corn is more inquired for, southern yellow held at 44c, white 42c in store. Oats—Last sales southern 27c, Pa. 28a29c. *Hemp* more firm—A sale of 150 bales dew rotted at $80 on time. *Lead*—No sales, an arrival of 800 pigs is held at $4¼, we quote at $4a4¼ on time. *Molasses*—The only parcel in first hands is about 200 hhds and tea heavy new crop Trinidad held at 23c. *Naval Stores*—No changes. *Oils*—The prices of sperm and whale have rather a downward tendency—Linseed sells at 67c. *Provisions*—There is little demand for pork and beef, and prices are steady. Bacon—Sales of hams at 8c, shoulders 4½a5c. Lard sells at 7a7½c for western and Jersey. Butter and cheese, demand moderate. *Rice*—Small transactions at 3½c. *Seeds*—The demand for cloverseed has abated, and the market is again without much inquiry—small sales from wagons at $3,56a4; we quote good and prime lots at $4a4,12½. Flaxseed is dull, and American held at $1,35; we quote foreign at the same rate. *Sugar*—Several parcels of New Orleans are in the river, but as none have reached the wharves there have been no transactions reported, and the market remains nominally the same as at last week's report. *Whiskey*—Sales of hhds at 20c, bbls held at 22c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—The offering comprised 512 head, 497 of which were sold, including 137 for N. York, at $4,50a6 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—118 offered—Sales of dry cows at $6a12; springers $8a16, and milch cows $15a30 each, as in quality. Swine—At market 475. Sales at $3,25a4,50 per 100 lbs. as in quality. Sheep—There were only 300 brought in this week and all sold at $1,50a3,75 each. Hay—There were 100 loads offered—Sales at 80a85c per 100 lbs. Rye straw 6a7c per bundle.

Brighton, near Boston, Feb. 10.—At market, 600 beef cattle, and 1000 sheep. 25 beef cattle, exclusive of 50 which arrived too late; and are not included above, remain unsold. Prices—Beef Cattle—The quality of the cattle this week was better than last, without any advance in prices. We quote extra at $5,25a5,50—first quality $5a5,25; second quality $4,50a4,75; third quality $4a4,50. Sheep—Common sheep from $1,75 to 2,25; wethers from $2,25 to 4,50. One lot very fine and heavy $5. Swine—None at market except a few ordinary.

Baltimore, Feb. 14.—There were 430 head of beef cattle offered at the scales during the week, all of which, excepting 30 head which were driven north, were sold to city butchers, at prices ranging from $2 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $4a6 nett, according to quality. Sales are generally made at intervening prices. Hogs—Live hogs are scarce, and in good demand—sales have been made at $4,87½a5 per 100 lbs, which prices they will now command. We note some arrivals of killed pork at $4,75a4,87½ and $5 per 100 lbs.

New York, Feb. 17.—At market, 1100 beef cattle, 120 from the south, 165 cows and calves, and 1200 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—In good request. We quote $4,50 to 4,75 for poor, and $5,25 to 6 for good retailing sorts; a few extra a little higher. Cows and calves all sold at $16a30. Sheep and Lambs—We quote from $2 to 5, as in quality. Hay—We quote 67½ to 68c per cwt.

Richmond, Feb. 13.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,75, according to quality. Mutton—2a3c gross; nett 4a6c, according to quality. Hogs—$5 per 100 lbs.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

SEMPER EADEM.

The subscriber after having spent several years endeavoring to reduce his System of cutting, in every particular to actual admeasurement, has accomplished the task. It is well known by those conversant with *Mahan's System*, that every point except one is established, as above alluded to, that one being the "*upper point of side seam*" is of more importance than any other. Those who are desirous of obviating the difficulty arising from this imperfection in all systems, may avail themselves of this discovery as soon as the patent shall have been secured through the medium of the Spring Report, which will contain all the particulars. The subscriber feels confident that it will be hailed among the tailors of our land as the *Tailor's Stone*, which, though not the object of the grave philosopher's pursuit, yet, to the tailor of far greater importance. It will bear examination, and will be found to apply to all shaped men, whether high, low, or round-shouldered, or any other form that human nature is liable to wear.

F. MAHAN,
Publisher of the Paris, London and Philadelphia Fashions, No. 211 Chesnut street.

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The counterfeiter of bank notes endeavors to select the best institutions upon which to commit his forgeries. In like manner, the counterfeiters of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have selected the patrons of the most popular medicine in the country upon whom to practice their wicked imposition.

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HEALTH OFFICE, FEBRUARY 15, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 8th to the 15th February.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Aneurism,	1	0	Brought over,	35	33
Apoplexy,	2	0	Hemorrhage,	0	1
Cancer,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	1
Croup,	0	4	—Lungs,	0	3
Congestion of the Lungs,	0	1	—Stomach and Bowels,	1	3
—Brain,	1	0	—Breast,	0	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	15	2	—Liver,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	8	—Peritoneum,	1	0
—Puerperal,	1	0	Inanition,	0	2
Cyanosis,	0	2	Induration of Liver,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
—Head,	0	1	Malformation of the Heart,	0	1
—Breast,	1	1	Marasmus,	0	1
Disease of Brain,	1	2	Measles,	0	2
—Heart,	2	0	Mortification,	1	0
—Hip,	1	0	—Intestines,	1	0
—Larynx,	0	1	Old Age,	2	0
Dysentery,	1	0	Perforation of Intestines,	1	0
Debility,	1	1	Quinsy,	0	1
Epilepsy,	1	0	Rheumatism,	1	0
Erysipelas,	0	1	Small Pox,	0	1
Enlargement of the Prostrate Gland,	1	0	Still Born,	0	11
Fever,	1	1	Unknown,	3	1
—Congestive,	1	0	Violence,	1	0
Puerperal,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
—Scarlet,	0	6			
—Typhus,	1	1			
Carried over,	35	33	Total,	114—50	64

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 19 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 9,	24	26	30
10,	26	30	31
11,	35	40	42
12,	38	41	43
13,	23	24	27
14,	20	22	23
15,	34	38	38

SMITH'S WEEKLY VOLUME.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS HAVE BEEN already published in the Weekly Volume, commenced January 1, 1845.

The Three Kingdoms, by Viscount d'Arlincourt;
The Englishman in Egypt, by Mrs Poole;
The Master Passion, by T. C. Grattan, Esq.;
A Yacht Voyage to Texas, &c., by Mrs. Houston, to be followed immediately by equally interesting works.

The Weekly Volume is mailed to subscribers every Wednesday, printed on fine paper, with good type, on the following TERMS:

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A specimen number will be sent to all *who request it, postage paid.*

LLOYD P. SMITH, Publisher,
feb 22-1t No. 19 St. James' street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

February, 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
22 SATURDAY,	6 34	5 26	2 15	
23 SUNDAY,	6 32	5 28	2 49	D. H. M.
24 MONDAY,	6 32	5 28	3 32	
25 TUESDAY,	6 30	5 32	3 57	
26 WEDNESDAY,	6 29	5	4 36	
27 THURSDAY,	6 28	5	5 18	New 6 1 34
28 FRIDAY,	6 26	5 34	6 19	First 13 11 59
1 SATURDAY,	6 25	5 35	7 15	Full 22 1 45

Married,

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN F. KONER, to Miss SUSAN A. VAUGHAN, daughter of T. Vaughan, Esq. of Kensington.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. E. L. Janes, JAMES W. MILLER, to HENRIETTA YEAGER, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Higgins, Mr. JOHN HORSFALL, of England, to Mrs. RHODA A. SEXTON, of this city.

On the 17th November last, by the Chaplain on board of H. B. M. ship of war America, laying in the harbor of Callao, Peru, Mr. JOHN HERN, of Scotland, to Miss CORDELIA PARKER, of this city.

On the 15th of January, by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, Mosses WILLIAM GINN, of Cecil county, Md., to SARAH JANE, daughter of Thomas Wharteshy, of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H Kennard, Mr. THEODORE DEHLYNE, Jr. to Miss AMELIA MCKAGE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. William Cooper, Mr. JOHN J. RISTINE, to Miss ELIZABETH LLOYD, all of Philadelphia.

By the same, on the 18th inst. Mr. BURTON J. KOLLOCK, to Miss MARGARET S. EVIL, all of Southwark.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. WM. A. MCMIN, to Miss CAROLINE BILDERBACK, all of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the same, Mr. JOHN KLING, of Union county, to Miss MARIA KLING, of Lancaster co., Pa.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Geo. B. Ide, HENRY BENNER, to Mrs. ANN TRUMAN, all of this city.

In New York, on the 13th inst. at Rutger street Church, by the Rev. Mr. Krebs, DE WITT CLINTON MOTT, to ANN M. PETERSON.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, JAMES B. BURGNIT, of the Borough of Norristown, to Miss MAHALEM NEWMAN, of the same place.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of Saint Paul's Church, Mr. THOMAS MEGRAH, to Miss MARY MCKENNA, all of this city.

Died,

On the 18th inst. ANN J. PARKER, daughter of Mary Parker, in the 31st year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 18th inst. JOHN K. SHEWELL, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 18th instant, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. ELLEN MCILROY.

In this city, on the 17th instant, Mrs. LISETTE ELLEN, wife of J. C. Abel, Esq. in the 34th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. WM. SCRIVELY, in the 53d year of his age.

At Mobile, on the 9th inst. Rev. D. H. GILLETT, Pastor of St. Anthony street Baptist Church.

On the 16th inst. GEORGE M. HARDEN, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. ELIZA CORSON, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 16th inst. CHRISTOPHER YOUNG, of a protracted illness, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. MORRIS LEIGHTON, aged 6 years, only son of Samuel and Susan Waters, of this city.

On the 17th inst. at Germantown, Mr. GEO. KNIGHT, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 17th instant, at the U. S. Naval Asylum, JOHN CALVERLY, Pensioner, aged 45 years. A native of this city.

On the 16th inst. aged 70 years, Mrs. CATHARINE, relict of Col. Stephen E. Fotteral.

On the 17th inst. JOHN JORDAN, late merchant of this city, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 17th inst. near Haddonfield, N. J. JUDITH W. WILLIAMSON, widow of Dr. G. Williamson, of Baltimore.

On the 21st ult. in the city of Natchez, Miss., ALBERT G. CARPENTER, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 16th instant, NATHANIEL, infant son of Robert Donnell.

On the 17th inst. in Chester, STEPHEN D. LAVALLETTE, U. S. N. aged 24 years.

In New York, on the 16th inst. ROBERT LE ROY, aged 77 years.

In New York, on the 15th inst. JANE, wife of Captain Wm. Newcomb.

On the 15th inst. in the 33d year of her age, Mrs. MARIA BURR.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELIZA A. ROLLEY, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. in the 31st year of her age, MARY, wife of John Hodges.

On the 15th inst. in the 79th year of his age, WILLIAM ABENTRUE, Sr.

On the 14th inst. JAMES SMITH, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. after a protracted illness, Mrs. SARAH A. SENN, aged 45 years.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM A. son of Seigfried and Sarah Weiser, in the 10th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. EUGENE, son of George J. and Eliza Cluley, aged 19 months and 15 days.

On the 15th inst. of consumption, SARAH, wife of Peter Pluck, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. EMMA GRIFFIN, in the 3d year of her age.

On seventh-day, 15th inst. SARAH SCULL, in the 48th year of her age.

At the U. S. Naval Asylum, on the 14th instant, JOHN SMITH, Pensioner, aged 67 years, a native of Lancaster county, Pa.

At Conshohocken, Pa. on the 16th instant, Mrs. JANE ADAMS, relict of the late Capt. Edmund Adams, formerly of the State of N. Jersey, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Mr. NATHAN FRENCH, late of Cardiff, Wales, aged 50 years.

In Lower Merion, Montgomery county, on the 14th inst. JOHN SMITH, in the 65th year of his age.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, February 15, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	27 dis
Girard do.	par
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	par
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk, Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	1½ dis
Middleton,	1½ dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	½ dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	½a1 dis
Gettysburg,	1½a1½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½a1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do.
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	fraud
Del. county bank,	do
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Man'l. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks	no value.
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	1 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prem.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	5a6 dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Fredericktown,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	40 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks,	various prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ do
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & bran's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	3
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phoenix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk of Mill.	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rocker Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	6a7 dis
Small notes,	8a9 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Norwich, Connecticut.
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synonymous. "But oh!" resumed Nelly, "if I thought he *did* love me—there now, I've dropped a stitch—what *am* I thinkin' of—I must'nt give way to such foolishness. Why, the bird is done singin', and Minny is looking angry at me out of her big eyes—don't be jealous, puss, you shall always have your saucer of milk whatever happens, and—hark! that's his step, it is! he's comin'! I wonder how I look," and running to her little glass, Nelly, with very pardonable vanity, thought those features could not well be improved, and, the most curious part of the matter, she was right.

"He's a long time coming," thought she, as stealing a glance through the window-curtain she saw Ned slowly approach the garden gate; gladly would she have flown to meet him, but maidenly modesty restrained her; now he hesitates a moment, takes a full gulp of breath and nears the house; at every approaching step Nelly's pulse beat higher, at last she bethought herself that it would be more prudent to be employed; so, hastily taking up her netting which was twisted and ravelled into inextricable confusion, with a seeming calm face she mechanically plied her needles, her heart giving one little shiver as Ned rapped a small-chicken-livered rap at the door. Nelly opened it with a most disingenuous, "Ah! Ned, is that you, who would have thought it. Come in, do."

The thermometer of Nelly's feelings was about fever heat, yet she forced the index to remain at freezing point. "Take a chair won't you."

And there sat those two beings, whose hearts yearned for each other, looking as frigid as a pair of icicles, gazing on the wall, the floor, pussy or the lark. Ned suddenly discovered something that wanted a deal of attending to in the band of his hat; whilst Nelly, at the same time, evinced an extraordinary increase of affection for the cat. To say the truth, they were both very far from comfortable. Ned had thoroughly made up his mind to speak this time, if ruin followed, and had even gone so far as to have settled upon his opening speech, but Nelly's cold and indifferent "take a chair," frightened every word out of his head; it was essentially necessary that he should try to recover himself, and he seemed to think that twisting his hat into every possible form and tugging at the band were the only means by which it could be accomplished. Once more all was arranged, and he had just cleared his throat to begin, when the rascally cat turned sharply round and stared him straight in the face, and in all his life he thought he never saw the countenance of a dumb creature express such thorough contempt.

"It well becomes me," thought he, "to be demeanin' myself before the cat," and away flew his thoughts again.

Of course all this was very perplexing to Nelly, who, in the expectation of hearing something, remained patiently silent. There was another considerable pause; at last, remembering his friend Mike's advice, and moreover cheered by a most encouraging smile from the rapidly thawing Nell, Ned wound up his feelings for one desperate effort, and bolted out—

"Is'nt it fine to-day, Miss Malone?"

Breaking the silence so suddenly, that Nelly started from her chair, the lark fluttered in the cage, and puss made one jump bang into the garden.

Amazed and terrified, by the results of his first essay, fast to the roof of his mouth Ned's tongue stuck once more, and finding it of no earthly use trying to overcome his embarrassment, that the more he floundered about the deeper he got into the mud, he gathered himself up, made one dash through the door, and was off like lightning. Nelly sighed as she resumed her knitting, and this time she was sad in earnest.

"Well, what luck?" said Mike, as nearly out of breath from running, Ned rejoined him in the meadow. "Have you broke the ice?"

"Bedad I have," said Ned, "and more betoken, we fell into the wather through the hole."

"Why, would'nt she listen to you?"

"Yes, fast enough, but I didn't give her a chance, my ould complaint came strong upon me. Ora! what's the use in havin' a tongue at all, if it won't wag the words out of a fellow's head. I'm a purty speciment of an omadhaun; there she sot, Mike, looking out of the corners of her eyes at me, as much as to say, spake out like a man, with a soft smile runnin' about all over her face and playing among her beautiful dimples, like the merry moon bame dancin' on the lake. Oh, murther! Mike, what the mischief am I to do! I can't live without her, an' I hav'nt the heart to tell her so."

"Well, it is disgraceful," replied Mike, "to see a good lookin' man disparage his country, by flinchin' from a porty girl; maybe it might do you good to go an' kiss the Blarney Stone."

"That's it," exclaimed Ned, joyously clapping his hands together and cutting an instinctive caper, "that's it. I wonder I niver thought of it before: I'll walk every stitch of the way, though my legs should drop off before I get half there, do you think it 'ud do me good to kiss it!"

"Divil a doubt of it, sure it was never known to fail yet," said Mike, oracularly.

"Why then, may I niver ate a male's vittles, if there's any vartue in the stone, if I don't have it out of it. And that very night, so eager was Ned to get cured of his bashfulness, off he started for Killarney. It was a long and tedious journey, but the thought of being able to speak to Nelly when he returned, was sufficient to drive away fatigue; in due time he reached the far-famed castle,

> "On the top of whose wall,
> But take care you don't fall,
> There's a stone that contains all the Blarney!"

Ned climbed with caution, discovered the identical spot, and believing implicitly that his troubles were now at an end, knelt, and with a heart-whole prayer for his absent Nelly, reverently kissed *The Blarney Stone*.

True, devoted love, had lent him strength to overcome the difficulties of access, and imagination, that powerful director of circumstance, did the rest. It was with humility and diffidence he had approached the object of his pilgrimage, but he descended from it with head erect, and countenance elated; he could now tell his burning thoughts in *her* ear, he was a changed man; a very pretty girl who officiated as guide, and upon whose panting lips, report says, the efficacy of the charm has been frequently put to the test, met him at the archway of the castle, for no other reason in the world than merely to try if he were sufficiently imbued with the attractive principle. Ned watched an opportunity, and, much more to his own astonishment than to hers, gave her a hearty kiss, starting back to watch the effect. She frowned not, she did not even blush. Ned was delighted; his end was obtained.

"He could kiss who he plazed with his Blarney," consequently, feeling supremely happy, without losing another moment, he retraced his steps homeward.

Meantime Nelly missed her silent swain, whose absence tended materially to strengthen the feeling of affection which she entertained for him; day after day crept on, yet he came not, and each long hour of watching rivetted still more closely her heart's fetters. Now for the first time, she acknowledged to herself how essential he was to her happiness, and with a fervent prayer that the coming morning might bring him to her side, she closed each day. Her wonder at last at his continued absence, quickening into anxiety, and from anxiety into alarm, jealousy, without which there cannot be a perfect love, spread its dark shadow o'er her soul, and she was wretched. In vain she reasoned with herself; the sun of her existence seemed suddenly to be withdrawn, and all was gloom, even the very bird, appearing to share his mistress's mood drooped his wing and was silent; so much are externals influenced by the spirit of the hour, that her homely chamber felt comfortless and solitary. Nelly loved with a woman's love, devotedly, intensely, wholly; to lose him would be to her the loss of all that rendered life worth living for; her's was an affection deserving that which was given in lieu, although as yet she knew it not.

Gazing out one day in the faint hope of seeing something of her beloved, her heart gave one sudden and tremendous bound. She saw him—he had returned at last. But how changed in demeanor. Can her eyes deceive her? No. Her heart tells her it is he, and it could not err. Instead of the downcast look and hesitating step, joy laughed forth from his face and his tread was easy, frollicking, and careless; as he came nearer, she thought she heard him sing; he did sing! what could it portend? Had he found one who knew how to break the shell of reserve? 'Twas torture to think so, and yet it was the first image that presented itself to her anxious heart. It was now her turn to be tongue-tied, dumb from agitation; she could not utter a syllable, but trembling to the very core, sat silently awaiting what she feared was to prove the funeral knell of her departed happiness.

With a merry song upon his lips, Ned lightly bounded over the little paling and in a minute more was in her presence. Speak or move she could not, nor did his first salutation place her more at ease.

"Nelly," said he, "you drove me to it, but it's done! it's done!"

"What's done, what can he mean," thought Nelly, more agitated than ever.

"It's all over now," he continued, "for I've kissed it. Don't you hear me, Nelly! I say I've kissed it."

"In Heaven's name," cried the pale trembling girl, "what do you mean, kissed who?"

"No *who* at all," said Ned laughingly, "but *it*, I've kissed it."

"Kissed what?"

"Why the Blarney Stone to be sure," screamed out Ned, flinging his hat at pussy, and executing an extremely complicated double shuffle in the delight of the moment; indeed, conducting himself altogether in a manner which would have jeopardized the sanity of any one but a love-stricken Irishman.

"Sure it was all for you, Nelly, mavourneen, that I did it; it has loosened the strings of my tongue, and now I can tell you, how deeply your image is burnin' within my very heart of hearts, you bright-eyed, beautiful darling!"

What more he said or did, it will be unnecessary for me to relate; suffice it to say that the world-renowned-talisman, lost none of its efficacy on this particular occasion. One observation of pretty Nell's I think is worthy of record. At the close of a most uninteresting conversation, to any body but themselves, the affectionate girl whispered to him:

"*Dear Ned, you need'nt have gone so far!*"

The course of true-love sometimes *does* run smooth, a great authority to the contrary nevertheless, for in about three weeks' time, the chapel bells rang merrily for the wedding of Edward and Nelly. Aye, and what's more, neither of them had ever cause to regret Ned's visit to The Blarney Stone.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have, this week, a batch of foreign news, which is chiefly worth notice, because many of our contemporaries, from a cursory view of the subject, have elevated some mere trifles in it to momentous consequence. Though the inflation of such bubbles does make newspapers interesting, we always feel inclined to puncture them with a pen point, for the mere fun of seeing them totally vanish into their original frothy inconsistency, if nothing more.

The marvel of this week—the particularly particular item of immense importance—would seem to be, that as Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe dined off the same ox on New Year's Day, they sipped, in the bellicose marrow of the prize beast aforesaid, concurrent designs and determinations to neglect their own business and interfere with ours. This is a sort of "intelligence" that will do very well for the "private correspondence" of the journals which delectate the quidnuncs and male old women of Paris and London; but it is hardly the pabulum for news devourers on this side of the Atlantic.

A great deal of the political news in European newspapers is "*Yellow Plush Correspondence*," correctly spelled and punctuated, but deficient in the wit which "Chawles" possessed, and about on the same grade with the humorous valet's letters and opinions for authenticity. The movements of European cabinets are conducted with a quietness and secrecy, which has forced those who would be wise above what is officially proclaimed, into a constant habit of guessing. Sometimes the "exclusive intelligence" mongers guess right, and sometimes they do not; but in either case their conjectures are delivered with a solemn air of truth and knowledge, which must be highly amusing to those who stop to think of it. Every movement of royalty, from a visit to France, down to the decision of the whipper in of the royal hounds, as to how many shall be entered for prospective coursing, and how many shall furnish food for fishes forthwith, is strained to have a highly important political bearing. In this country the newsboys sell the *private* documents of the Senate at a penny a copy. In Europe they manage matters differently; and guesses and speculation take the place of knowledge. Straws are counted as showing which way the wind blows—and auguries are collected from these straws, and mighty storms are recorded, when there is no wind, at all, in fact, not even a zephyr.

The newspapers say "England has conceded to France the Right of Search, and France in return, agrees to unite with England in a protest against the Annexation of Texas to the United States." Let us look at this Kendall Green Men of Buckram story, and if a plain tale does not put it down more completely than Fat Jack was dumbfounded by royal Hal, then we are mistaken, and for once the prophets are right.

Among the matters received by the last previous arrival, was a copy of the London Spectator, in which the editor, as his thunder for that publication, proclaimed to all and singular the governments of Europe, from the Queendom of England and Kingdom of the French, down to that German principality, the head of which has to lie abed while his shirt is washed, that it was their duty to unite in a protest against the annexation above mentioned. About the same time there was some conference, concession or convention, between England and France, about metal buttons, the etiquette of burning powder, dowsing the peak, or some such important matter. That and that were put together by the editor of *Le Siecle*, a Parisian newspaper, and perhaps by others. The private opinions of the London editors became cabinet determinations, by an error in the translator, who rendered them into French; the metal buttons fastened the teguments on this newspaper quasi diplomatic scarecrow—and—*Voila!* The American editors are recording the *fact*, thus fancy born in a French editor's box, at the Opera; or, perchance picked up in the lobby of the French English Theatre.

There may be more truth in the "Remonstrance" story, than we admit; and the authorities at Washington, may be possessed of it. If, however, such be the case, it is a greater marvel than the comet—a cabinet secret kept eight-and-forty hours. And that, too, in spite of the noses of the letter-writers. It *may* be true—but if true, it is a miracle.

There is another subject upon which the English periodicals are speculating, the conjectures in relation to which, seem more probable than those to which we have been alluding. Perhaps, however, their speculations may be as wild in one case, as in the other. It is alleged, that the British Ministry has opened a secret diplomatic correspondence with the Papal See, and has enlisted the Priesthood to quell the agitation in Ireland, in part, by concurrence in the privileges accorded by the new Charitable Bequests Bill. One thing is certain; that Mr. O'Connell has denounced that Bill from the outset, and protested against the acceptance of it, by Ireland. And another thing also, is certain, viz: that a portion of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland, and among them some of the formost in ecclesiastical rank, and decidedly the most eminent in talents, have accepted commission under the provisions of the law. It is also certain, as will be noticed from the news in this day's paper, that a part of the populace, of their own faith, too, have insulted and threatened these clergymen for so doing. And it will be remembered, that Mr. O'Connell bitterly lamented the course of these clergymen, when the fact of their acceptance was first announced, because, he said, it amounted to a division in the Church, and a triumph over their brethren. The event has proved his predictions well founded. The ranks of the people, before united, and following, implicitly, Mr. O'C.'s directions, *are* broken. Whether these facts, for facts they are, argue the truth of Peel's alleged "treaty" or "convention" with the Papal See, remains to be proved; but of themselves, taken with the whole history of the course of the Ministry towards O'Connell, and Ireland, they prove Sir Robert one of the most adroit and able statesmen who have wielded the destinies of the English people.

Of the merits of the questions of "Annexation" on this side of the water, and of "Repeal on the other, we do not in this connexion profess or purpose to speak. What we have written, is principally to show what we regard as an *absurdity*. England will not unnecessarily expose herself by any open interference or any declaration against the Annexation of Texas; nor, were she disposed so to do, would she go across the channel to ask France into an alliance with her, in "regulating" the affairs of this continent. The interests of the two countries, in relation to colonies, and to distant countries, are far from being so harmonious, as to make an alliance of this kind, whether partial or complete, desirable or even tolerable.

WASHINGTON.

We have need to remind no American reader that the day on which this paper is dated is the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. While nothing which we can say can add a leaf to his laurels, and nothing which any man living can write can diminish his fame, we should be failing in our own duty to pass such an occasion without a note of attention. We are bound, as are all other citizens, to remember, and to cause others to recollect the example which he has left us; and to cite the fame which has outlived party spirit and the attacks of contemporaries, as a proof that those who deserve well will receive the willing justice of a grateful people. While we can commend no living politician or statesman with entire immunity from suspicion as a partisan; it is a grateful exercise of patriotism to turn back and dwell on the virtues of those whose account is closed; and to praise where we can do it without liability to the charge of speaking from interest or prejudice.

Such is the popular feeling. Men of all parties and of no political party, meet on common ground this day; rejoicing, apparently among other causes of gratulation, that there is one thing at least, on which this party-divided country can speak unanimously—the fame and glory of one whose whole character—not mere exploits—furnish the brightest page in the history of his time. The worst man may furnish glorious passages for the history of his country, honorable in his public, while despicable in his private life; or the good man may shine for awhile in all relations, and then sink, the partial praises of his countrymen kindly dropping a veil over the ill conclusion of what was well begun;—but few—very few—like Washington, are examples to posterity from the cradle to the grave, and alike honorable in all relations, and under all circumstances.

The ancients made their heroes after death, gods and demi-gods. We, better taught, stop short of that impious folly; and as our reverence is preferable to their idolatry, so is the character of the subject of our respect and veneration immeasurably above that of any niche-filler in the Pantheon. Let it not then be empty words, or mere declamation. Let us endeavor to feel what we profess, and to imitate what we so much laud and hear landed.

As appropriate to this day we submit a poem from "The Leyden Bard," which has lain many days in our possession, awaiting this anniversary.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Blest is the land that in its greatness feels
The mellow breeze which Freedom's lofty breath
Wafts o'er its plains: where reason, perched aloft
Upon the summit of intelligence,
Smiles at the feeble writhings of the serfs,
Whose necks with ignorance are bound to earth,
And sorely trammeled by the tread of kings.
The proper sphere for Liberty is light;
There man is *man*, and not the slave of *slaves*,
For where his thoughts and feelings are confined
Within the narrow compass of his hearth,
And never, e'en in whispers, heard beyond,
Their energies must soon be lulled to sleep
Within the gloomy chasm of despair.
Then degradation spreads her mournful pall
O'er all his hopes and social sympathies,
Beneath whose shameful curtain he is swept
Unheard, unnoticed, and unknown, to ruin.
But where no frontier rears its frowning head
To fetter thought, except the boundless space
Of vast infinity; and mind unchained
In reason, or in fancy's shallop glides
Upon the bosom of reflection's tide,
There truth and system must have their abode
In stately grandeur peers the public mind,
Robed in its pristine galaxy of light;
And despots tremble to behold the land
Where Freedom dwells, and Liberty prevails.
Such is the land, the labors, and design
Of him who well conceived, and carried out
A brilliant scheme of human happiness.
He moved his lips, and hemispheres stood mute.
He waved his hand, and legions came with joy,
To do his bidding, and award him praise.
His rusty sabre he with dread unsheathed,
To cultivate the dreadful art of war,
Amid the files of his united band;
But kingdoms his delightful mandates heard,
And statue-like they lingered back aghast
To see, admire, and tremble as he spoke.
The path to glory beaten well, and fresh
With trails of champions that had gone before.
Seemed dignified, and honored to excess,
As first he entered on the weary march,
And trod upon the portal's golden step
Of fame's time-honored Parthenon.

The band
Of high Omnipotence protected him,
In peril's hour through warfare's mingled din;
And his deep gratitude to smiling Heaven,
Stands registered upon time's records now,
By far the brightest token of his life—
A lasting echo of what man should be.
The champion of the sacred rights of man,
And victor o'er the mistress of the seas,
He valued not what mortal greatness brought;
But humbly 'mid the honored of his race,
Resigned a sceptre of such costly worth,
That e'en the proudest potentate of earth,
Could ne'er demand a more illustrious boon.
The foes that first as captives to him came,
No sooner gazed upon his lenient brow,
Than in a grateful shout of tender thanks,
With beating hearts that his kind mercies touched,
They praised the goodness of his noble heart.
E'en mid the legions of his enemies,
Were voices heard that proudly spoke, to bless
The Institutions that to him gave birth.
The sage-like maxims which fell from his lips,
In careful recollection were preserved,
As precepts that should be a nation's guide;
And which might teach the Delphian priests of old
A lesson heretofore to them unknown.

Whilst in life's grand arena last he stood,
And to his fellow-lab'rers bade adieu,
A nation's warmest sympathies gushed forth,
In streams of adoration o'er his head.
Loud were the shouts which hailed him victor now,
As soldier, statesman, citizen and friend,
Their patriotic echoes spread abroad,
Returning with new lustre for his name;
Whilst ev'ry bosom vied with eager care,
To twine around his silvered hairs a wreath
Of everlasting gratitude and love.

Behold him after life well spent, in peace,
Upon the margin of his fav'rite stream,
Beneath the branches of domestic shade
There he his harp of meditation tuned,
To notes of sweet reflection; and beheld
Beyond the narrow pale wherein he sat,
His NAME, his COUNTRY, and young LIBERTY
Bloom altogether—three most noble flowers!
This was the glory of a virtuous life.
To move at large before a wond'ring world
In all the pomp and majesty of fame,
Unscathed by envy's sharp and fatal tongue,
Hurl to the earth a mighty corner-stone,
Whose downfall should regenerate mankind;
And when the vast achievement had been done,
Fly to his home, and there expire in peace!
To contemplate the virtues of this Sire,
Amazement bursts, and wonder fills the brain
With marvellings at Nature's handiwork.
How from the deep research of ages past
She could conceal perfection's mould of mind;
And then, as though unconscious, send it forth,
To ornament immortal WASHINGTON!

THE WEST.

It is stated that Civilization advances toward the Pacific at the rate of one degree—sixty miles—per day. Waste places become farms and villages, villages towns, and towns cities, with immense rapidity. In Western, Mo., residences cannot be obtained quick enough for the rapid increase of its inhabitants. During the past year 177 steamboats arrived in that place, and during the next year near 300 are calculated upon; yet this town has only been in existence about three years.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

The revolution in Mexico is now complete—unless some curious and entirely unexpected event should turn up to change the complexion of affairs. Santa Ana is a prisoner in the castle of Perote, the same prison where he so long detained the Texan prisoners—a cold dreary place. It is stated that the fallen general had sent, from Perote, a new communication to the Chambers, requesting that the passport for which he had already asked, might be granted him, in which case he would banish himself perpetually from the country. He also stated that he would appoint an agent fully empowered and qualified to respond to any charges or claims made against him, leaving his landed estates and property as a guaranty for the satisfaction of all, and moreover speaks of the responsibility of his Ministers. This communication the Grand Jury were acting upon in secret session on the night of the 23d ult., and the result of their deliberations was not known. It is further stated that this Grand Jury are furious against the captive, while the present Executive of Mexico manifested a feeling of clemency and at the same time of regret that he did not escape out of the country and thus save the Government further trouble. A letter dated Vera Cruz, January 31st, expresses the belief that the life of the tyrant would not be taken. His young wife was in prison with him, as was also an old friend of his, Senor Lazaro Villamil.

And now for the particulars of his capture. We mentioned in our last paper he had made several attempts upon the city of Puebla; attacking it at the head of four thousand troops, one half of which were cavalry. In these endeavors he was repulsed with considerable loss. Soon afterwards he left the army, about four leagues below Puebla, with an escort of several hundred men and proceeded towards Jalapa. Before arriving at that city he parted with his escort, and attempted to make his escape to the mountains on foot, and in the disguise of a friar. At the same time, to favor his escape, his troops placed themselves under the command of the Constitutional General of the Department, professing that their only object had been not hostility, but to give Santa Ana safe escort. This they said was performed—the general had succeeded in making good his escape, and nothing now remained but for them to place themselves at the disposal of the Government.

This artifice, however, was not successful. A vigorous search was made for the General, but he was, after all, taken by accident. The Indians all know Santa Ana, and have no particular love for him. On the 15th of January he was discovered in a barranca (ravine) near a little Indian village called Jito, some leagues from Jalapa, by a couple of Indians who were hunting. The dogs belonging to the Indians became restive and furious, the Indians followed the direction of their barking and found the Dictator, who offered them his watch and such money as he had about him if they would guide him to his hacienda. This they refused to do, but gave the alarm and he was taken prisoner. When he was captured he had taken off his cork leg, on account of the inflammation produced by walking upon it, and was carried by his servants.

Every thing at latest dates was proceeding quietly; and the new government was organizing its forces and resources in all directions. We trust that it may be strong enough to save the life of the fallen Dictator, and permit him to proceed out of the country. As Herrera, the new President, has already interposed his executive clemency in favor of several persons condemned to death by Courts martial, it is hoped that the triumph of the new party will not be marked by any sanguinary atrocities.

THE PRESIDENT.

Hon. James K. Polk, President elect of the United States, arrived at Washington on Thursday evening week, and was received under the discharge of a national salute. He was conducted to his lodgings, at Coleman's Hotel, escorted by a Democratic Committee of Congress, the associations of the District, and hundreds of citizens, who swelled the concourse without thought of party.

On the day following, the Joint Committee appointed by the Senate and House of Representatives—the Hon. R. J. Walker, on the part of one branch, and the Hon. Edmund Burke and the Hon. Linn Boyd on that of the other—waited upon him and informed him of his election to the office of President of the United States, for the next term of four years, from and after the third day of March, 1845.

The President elect signified his acceptance of the office to which he had been chosen by the People, and expressed his deep sense of gratitude to them for the confidence which they had reposed in him, and requested the committee to convey to the two Houses of Congress assurances that, in executing the responsible duties which would devolve upon him, it would be his anxious desire to maintain the honor and promote the welfare of the country.

The committee likewise informed the Hon. George M. Dallas of his election to the office of Vice President of the United States; and that gentlemen, in signifying his acceptance of the office to which he had been chosen, expressed his profound gratitude to them, and declared that, drawn unexpectedly by the generous suffrages of his fellow-citizens from the shades of private life into the full glare of official station, it was difficult to repress the solicitude that he might not be equal, to the exigencies of so sudden a change, but that, swayed by an ardent devotion to the high honor, true interest, and fast union of the American States, he would enter with zeal upon the duties assigned to him, in the hope of at least partially realizing the expectations of those by whose confidence he had been honored.

FIRE AND DEATH.

On Saturday, the 8th inst., the steamboat Pathfinder took fire off Rodney, Miss., and was burned. She was in the middle of the river, and the pilot was early driven from the wheel by the smoke and fire; and the engineer was also compelled to desert his post. She had a large load of cotton, and the flames spread with alarming rapidity. A scene of confusion and dismay ensued—the crew and passengers endeavored to save themselves, some by sticks of wood, bales of cotton, planks, &c. Immediately on the alarm of fire being raised, three of the crew took the yawl—two of them with the intention of saving themselves, the other of rendering assistance as soon as two were landed. The one man, by the name of John Barge, came to the assistance of the distressed. Others of the crew, and the clerk and captain aided Barge, and a boat from the shore belonging to Mr. Bendarant came to their assistance. Many were picked up nearly dead with the cold and cramps, and were hospitably entertained by Mr. Bendarant's family. On mustering the crew and passengers, all were found except the following, two of whom were seen to drown:

Passengers—S. Carlton, of Yahanapatapha, Miss.; Samuel Caldwell, of Grenada; John Butler, of do.; — Pinchback, of Illinois; Mr. Huggins, of Grenada; Douglas Hardin, steward, one fireman, name unknown.

LOSSES AT SEA.

It is stated that as many as two hundred and eight vessels were wrecked in the last twelve months on our coast alone, in which one hundred and five lives were lost. Twenty vessels are yet missing, and a number of wrecks have been passed at sea, whose melancholy story we fear will never be told. Of late years seven hundred lives yearly have been lost at sea from this country alone, where are one hundred and forty thousand seamen. Two thousand from England, where are two hundred and ninety thousand. In the county of Barnstable, Mass., there were living, a short time since, nine hundred and thirty-four widows of sea-faring men.

On the great Lakes, as we learn from the Buffalo Advertiser, during the year 1844, 39 vessels were driven ashore; of which number 16 were totally lost. Amount of tons destroyed, 2,200. Loss $141,000—attendant with a loss of 51 lives.

OHIO SCHOOLS.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 13, 1845.

Gentlemen:

In your paper of the 8th inst., I noticed a paragraph, in which you state, "It is said that of half a million of children in Ohio, of a proper age for schools, only about 50,000 are receiving education. This will never do for the Buckeye State."

Errors, such as the one contained in this statement, never will do to go abroad in *reference* to the Buckeye State, uncontradicted. From the Report made to our Legislature, on the 15th of January last, by S. Galloway, Esq., Secretary of State, "on the condition of Common Schools in Ohio," we learn the following facts relative to schools, &c., for the last year:

Number of Common Schools in 41 Counties,	3,321
" " Scholars attending Schools in 9 do.	48,870
" " School houses built in 1844 in 36 do.	115
Amount paid Teachers in 36 Counties,	$136,703
" of tax raised in 36 "	$04,503
Cost of School houses in 33 "	$17,317

Thus you will see that the number of scholars attending school in NINE counties is 48,879. And some editor probably took this number as the whole number attending school in Ohio.

We have 79 counties; returns are made by 45 only. The Secretary says:—"There are in the State about 7,000 Districts, 13,000 teachers, and 460,000 scholars connected with more than 13,000 Common Schools.

In the District represented by the Hon. J. R. Giddings in Congress, composed of the counties of Cuyahoyer, Lake, Geauga and Ashtabula, containing, in 1840, a population of 80,208, there were, according to the returns of the last census—

Common Schools,	590
Number of Scholars,	21,790
Number of white persons over 21 years of age who could not read or write,	81
Number of voters, Nov., 1844,	16,510

I believe that a very large proportion of the children in our state are *now* receiving education in our Common Schools. In the great business of *Universal Education*, the people of Ohio are progressive. Much has been done within the last few years; but much more remains to be done. The public must be aroused—the great deep of *Mind* must be agitated, and the people must be made to think and feel and *give* and *pay* more liberally for the purposes of education. Men must take the *stump* in favor of education the *same* as they do for or against some political measure. Ignorance must be abolished—for Liberty and Ignorance cannot *live* together. In this Republic, as the people are the source from which all power is derived, and from which laws for the protection of life, property and reputation, gain all their force, how important it is that they should be educated so as to know and do their duty to each other and to their country.

As a nation, we boast of our *Intelligence*; and yet we have more than *half a million* of adult population who cannot read or write; and the number of children in this Union who are growing up to be fathers and mothers, without education, is truly fearful. There is a fearful responsibility resting upon those who see the dark cloud of ignorance that is hanging over this land, and make no effort to displace it. We may talk of Tariffs and Free Trade, of Banks and Sub-Treasuries, of Canals and Railroads, and of other public questions—but give *the people* knowledge—let every man be educated so that he can *fully understand the interest* of his country, and every measure of public policy *will be right*. It was said by William Penn: "Governments rather depend upon men, than men upon Governments. Let men be good, and the Government cannot be bad; if it be ill, they can cure it. But, if men be bad, let the Government be never so good, they will endeavor to warp or spoil it to their turn." Liberty, Virtue and Knowledge will make us, as a nation, the most favored under heaven. Ignorance will destroy the fair Temple of Freedom, that was reared by so much toil and treasure. As a people, we must be *educated*, must be *free*, or this nation will be "a Blind Giant," capable only of wrong and outrage. I took up my pen only to correct an error, but I have written you a letter.

Yours, truly,
JAMES A. BRIGGS,
Auditor of Cuyahoyer Co., Ohio.

A PHILOSOPHIC MIND.

Superstition fades before the light of reason; and spectral, optical and other illusions are removed by the exercise of calm philosophical investigation. A great example of this kind occurs in the life of West.

In his youth he was attacked by fever; and when good nursing and good medicine began to remove his complaint, another adversary invaded his repose. This was a shadowy illusion, which, like an image in a dream, was ever unstable, and changing shape as well as hue. It became first visible in the shape of a white cow, which, entering at one side of the house, walked over his bed and vanished. A sow and a litter of pigs succeeded. His sister thought him delirious, and sent for a physician; but his pulse had a recovering beat in it, his skin was moist and cool, his thirst was gone, and everything betokened convalescence. While the doctor stood puzzled about a disease which had such healthy symptoms, he was alarmed by West assuring him that he saw the figures of several friends passing at that moment across the roof. Conceiving these to be the professional visions of a raving artist, he prescribed a draught which would have brought sleep into the eyes of Argus, and departed. As he went, up rose West, and discovered that all those visitations came through a knot hole in the shutters, which threw into the darkened room whatever forms were passing along the street at the time. He called in his sister, showed her the apparitions gliding along the ceiling. On recovering, he made various experiments, which he communicated to a painter of the name of Williams, who found it to be what Butler calls a "new-found old invention." He produced a London *camera obscura*, and West contented himself with the praise due to collateral ingenuity.

RAILROADS.

The amount of capital now invested in Railroads in this country, is about $100 000,000. There are nearly 5 000 miles of road, and the average cost is about $20,000 a mile. The Cincinnati Chronicle thus speculates on the continuous lines, which, in a very few years, will doubtless be completed:

1. For example, the great route from Portland to Buffalo, will soon receive two important additions, one at the eastern extremity, prolonging it to Bangor, and the other at the western, uniting Buffalo by means of Mad River and Little Miami Railroad, to the Ohio, when a steam car may be run from Bangor, Me., to Cincinnati, Ohio—*in a continuous railroad one thousand miles in extent!* This supposes that the projected road from Buffalo to Sandusky, is made.

2. When the New York and New Haven and the Baltimore Railroads are to the Ohio completed, (both of which will be done in three years,) there will only need a link from the Ohio in the Little Miami Railroad, to make another grand route of eleven hundred miles from Bangor to Cincinnati, by the great central route. Two-thirds of this whole route are now completed; so that the completion of the other third is no longer a chimerical idea. Of the remaining third, the capital is already at hand for the greater part. The part for which some effort is necessary is that from the Ohio river, there will be no want of capital to complete the remaining link.

MILD WEATHER.

The Mobile papers mention that green peas and asparagus were served on one day, during the first of this month, to the customers at a restaurant. The former were the natural growth, in the open air, of a garden in the vicinity of Mobile—the latter an importation from New Orleans. As an evidence of the mildness of the winter in that region, it is stated that green peas have been furnished in the market every week this season, in greater or less quantities, from the garden of Mrs. Barnes, within the limits of the city, and not more than a mile from the city proper.

WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.

We recommend to the reader's careful perusal the poet Taylor's glorious letter, in this number of the Post. Let him not be deterred from the perusal by the hackneyed themes, for under the hand of our correspondent the most well-worn and description-worried subjects start into new life and beauty. We acknowledge to have almost held our breath while perusing portions of the letter under notice. We shall probably have one more letter on English subjects, and then the next will be from the continent.

ANOTHER CORRECTION.

Last week a story was started, through the letter writers, that a remonstrance upon the subject of Mr. Calhoun's Despatch to Mr. King, had been sent from Great Britain to Washington. Doubting the story, and crowded for room, we did not insert it; and we now allude to the subject, only to say to those who may have met the rumor in other quarters, that *no such communication has been received.*

THE RANDOLPH WILL.

The jury in this case, after a day's deliberation, last week brought in a verdict establishing the will and codicil of 1821 as the last will and testament of John Randolph. This sets aside most of the heirs, and manumits the slaves. An application for a new trial, on account of alleged informalities, is, however, pending.

THE LICENSE LAWS.

In the case carried to the U. S. Supreme Court, Samuel Thurlow, plaintiff in error, vs. the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Court being divided on the question as to the unconstitutionality of the Massachusetts License Laws, have delivered no opinion, but directed that the case be continued to the next term.

NEW YORK I. O. OF O. F.

It is stated that the total receipts of the order of Odd Fellows, in New York, in 1844, was $88,700. The amount expended in burial, relief, and other expenses, was $35,274. A large portion of the residue is on hand, ready for contingencies; as the current expenses of the order are very small.

THE COMET.

It is stated on the authority of some of our astronomers that the two comets (Mauvais' and the new one,) were in conjunction on Tuesday, at a distance of one degree and a half from each other. No such phenomenon has ever been known to occur before.

A CHANCE.

A Bachelor advertises in the Green Bay Republican, that sixteen or twenty Eastern damsels, of a suitable age, could soon enter into agreeable co-partnerships, by migrating to that part of Wisconsin.

Foreign Intelligence.

A WEEK LATER.

By the arrival of the packet ship Roscius, at New York, we have London and Liverpool dates to the 11th of January, a week later than our advices by the steamship.

The Cotton market had sustained its prices against an importation of 71,000 bales during the week preceding. The prices declared by the Board of Brokers were: for fair cotton, bowed 4½, Mobile and New Orleans 4¾. The grain and provision markets present no change.

From the Manufacturing Districts we hear that the markets continued in a healthy state. Money was easy, and first class bills were doing at the rate of 2 and 1½ per cent per annum.

The official Revenue Table of the British Empire, exhibits an aggregate, for the year, £51,235,538; being a nett increase on the year previous, of £1,163,595.

Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. King, had excited much comment in the English papers—but the excitement appeared to have subsided. We find no confirmation of the rumor which has been put in circulation here, that the British Government had applied to this Government for an explanation, and therefore conclude that no such demand has been made.

The prevalent impression was, that the Pennsylvania interest would not be paid. By this time, therefore, the doubters are agreeably disappointed.

The London Times of the 11th, notices Mr. Bibb's financial report at length.

The steamer Great Britain, on trial, went nineteen miles in exactly one hour and ten minutes, without being put to the top of her speed.

A great effort is now making, in many parts of England, to get rid of a portion of the income tax.

The affair of the Church engrosses no small attention on the part of the British Press.

According to the private letters from Berlin, the Queen and Prince Albert will pay a visit to the German Courts at an early day.

A journey of one hundred and ninety-four miles on the Great Western Railroad was recently performed in four hours and twenty-five minutes.

The was a great Free Trade meeting at Manchester on the 9th ult., at which Mr. Geo. Wilson presided. Among those present were Mr. Cobden, M. P.; Mr. Bright, M. P.; Mr. Mark Phillips, M. P.; and other gentlemen.

A rumor has been freely circulated, and obtains increasing credit, that Sir Robert Peel intends to submit to Parliament a scheme for taking the power of governing the British territories in the East, out of the hands of the Hon. East India Company, and placing them immediately under the Crown.

The gale of the 11th and 12th of December was terribly severe. Accounts of disasters by it were pouring into England. We have facts enough that the gale was at least twenty-five degrees of longitude in width.

The Catholic prelates in Ireland, who espoused the Charitable Bequest Act, are becoming very unpopular, and there is said to be a design upon the life of Archbishop Murray. The rumor has this much authority, that, on Jan. 5, the Rev. Mr. O'Carroll, one of the curates in the Roman Catholic Church, Westland Row, announced from the pulpit, that a letter had been received in town on Saturday morning, from a magistrate in the county of Tipperary, stating that a deeply laid conspiracy was formed in the south of Ireland, to assassinate the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in consequence of his having accepted the Commissioner-ship under the Charitable Bequests' Bill. This intelligence has produced the greatest excitement in Dublin. A report was likewise prevalent, that one of the clergymen of the same church (Westland-Row) was grossly insulted as he proceeded on the following morning to the altar to celebrate mass.

CONTINENTAL.

The French papers, ever fertile in wonderful discoveries, announce that England is disposed to concede the Right of Search, on condition that the French Cabinet join that of London, to obtain an European declaration against the Annexation of Texas to the United States.

The French Ministry had a triumph in the election of members of a committee to draw up an answer to the address from the throne. Seven out of the nine chosen were favorable to the Ministry. This is regarded by the ministerial organs as a great triumph, and by the other party, as a great defeat—another struggle will come on the adoption of the address, when it is reported.

Still another and a much more important battle will take place on the project of the King to endow his family. There is said to be no doubt of the fixed determination of the King to make another attempt to carry the Dotation Bill. On this point it is well known his Majesty has made up his mind, and considers it one of the most important duties imposed upon him, to make provision for the due maintenance of the Duke of Nemours' authority, in the event of his Majesty dying before his grandson comes of age. Feelers have been repeatedly put forth on this subject, during the last two years, which gave results so unfavorable, that M. Guizot declined to bring the measure forward. According to the *Universe*, the affair is to be put off no longer, and a Dotation Bill is to be presented to the Chamber shortly after the discussion on the Address, but whether by Guizot or Mole, no one can tell.

The receipts of the Customs at the Port of Havre, for the last year, amount to 26,898,120f., being an increase of 1,309,098f. upon those of 1843. Upon foreign sugars alone the produce was 2,203,394f., being an increase of 421,617f. There was a decrease in the navigation duties of 142,494f.

Admiral Dupetit Thouars received, on Tuesday, the deputation charged to offer him the sword of honor. The Admiral thanked them for their good intentions, but refused this mark of public sympathy, declaring that he had done nothing but obey the orders of his government, and it was for them to blame or recompense him.

Accounts have been received by the French Government from the Marquesas to the 10th of July, at which date a perfect understanding existed between the French and the natives, and every thing was going on satisfactorily.

From Marseilles, most dreadful accounts have been received of disasters committed by the late storms. It appears certain that no less than eighty vessels were lost in the Black Sea, the greater portion of them insured in France.

The French Government do not expect much advantage from the trade with China; the English and Americans having monopolised the market for white and unbleached calicoes,—the Russians for cloth, and the Swiss for printed calicoes.

The late Solomon Heine, of Hamburg, has left £140,000 to different charities; to each of his clerks £60 for each year of service; £40,000 to each of his sons-in-law, and to his son, his residuary legatee, a property equivalent to £60,000.

Dates from Madrid are to the 1st, but they bring very little intelligence. The papers are principally occupied with accounts of debates upon a proposed Reform Bill, the purport of which it is exceedingly hard to extract.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Miscellaneous Items—London Fog—Public Executions—Mount Etna—Fire in Bulukesser—Bavarian Censorship—Parisian Police—Parisian Superstition—English Absentees—Russian Jews—English Statistics—New Pay Day—New Work by Dickens—Shocking Murder—Things that can hardly be beaten.

Bristol, England, Jan. 10, 1845.

I have no leading topics to comment on today, as in my last two letters, except those of a political character. But as you are fully informed of all these by the public papers, I abstain from them, and dash indiscriminately into the minor occurrences and small talk of the day.

A few days ago, a soldier of the 11th regiment, shot himself while on duty, in Chatham Dock Yard, owing to the girl of his heart having jilted him, for the purpose of marrying another man. Another instance of the uncertainty of human judgments, has recently occurred in Yorkshire. About a year ago, a man named Mason, was tried at the Assizes for that county, for a burglary, and sentenced to twenty years transportation. Last week, two men were captured for another burglary—and they have since confessed the crime for which Mason had been sent to New South Wales. Of course, the former will be recalled as soon as possible—but what misery for an innocent man to endure! During a recent dense fog in Glasgow, several persons were drowned by walking into the water; while at Liverpool, the Birkenhead ferry-boat came in contact with a ship, and seven persons were drowned. The fogs also in London, have been very dense; but attended with no fatal accidents. I am happy to say that public executions in London and Middlesex, have decreased wonderfully of late years. There were none during the three years ending in 1836—only three for the three years ending in 1839—and very few since—some years none at all. This argues well, not only for the humane reforms in the laws, but also for the diminution of serious crimes. Scarcely any crime is now punished with death, in England, except murder; and where that is fully proven, there is no hope for the culprit. I must, however, make one exception. It is that of William Petter, just convicted at York, of having set a house on fire, while several people were sleeping in it. The Judge sentenced him to die, with no hope of a commutation of the penalty—and I think that every one will agree that his diabolical crime was equal to murder of the worst kind. Mercy to such miscreants would be cruelty to the innocent!

Mount Etna has been making a show of late. There was a dreadful eruption of that volcano early last month, and many vineyards destroyed. There has been a frightful conflagration at Bulukesser, in Magnesia, which has destroyed the town. Many lives were lost, and the calamity was occasioned by incendiaries; but from what motive, is yet unknown. The houses destroyed, are fifteen hundred in number, besides public buildings. Much discontent prevails in Bavaria, owing to the severe censorship of the press. Nothing can be published there, that is not first shown to the authorities.

The *Duchess D'Aumale* is quite *petite—a blonde*—with light hair and blue eyes. On the 18th *ult.* a dinner was given by the officers of the old Imperial Guard, in celebration of the anniversary of the removal of the ashes of Napoleon into Paris, from St. Helena. Another frightful accident has occurred on the Versailles Railway, by which the conductor and several persons were killed. A few nights since, as *Monsieur Lebron*, son of the late Belgian Ambassador, was alighting from his carriage, in Paris, he was stabbed and robbed, by ruffians who escaped. He is said to be in a dangerous condition. You may imagine the state of Paris, when I tell you, that from the 1st to the 21st of December, there were seventy four attempts at street robberies in that city—generally accompanied with violence. This, too, in a metropolis so celebrated for its Police! But the fact is—there is a great lack of religion among the masses of Paris, and particularly the males; and the absence of this "one thing needful," will ever be attended with deplorable effects. The papers state that last year, one hundred and fifty married women in France, were charged with killing, or attempting to kill, their husbands. The principal witness, *Barbier*, who swore against Madame Laffarge, is now in prison for robbery. The *Presse* says that much superstition also prevails in Paris—and that necromancers and astrologers are consulted to an immense extent. The English theatrical company in Paris, will soon bring their campaign to a close, after a brilliant and successful career. Taglioni has an engagement at Madrid. There are said to be 4,000 English families now in Rome. Really, it is a very unpatriotic fashion that our higher classes have gotten into—of spending their immense incomes in foreign countries. I wish Sir Robert Peel would propose a swinging Absentee Tax. I am convinced such a measure would be popular. On New Year's Day, the Courts of St. James's, and the Tuilleries, partook of the same prize ox. Mr. Minton, the Queen's butcher, bought the animal, and having obtained permission from Louis Philippe, presented him, through the French Embassy, with a sirloin, a romp, and an aitch-bone. These joints weighed 250 lbs! The Jews of Russia are leaving that Empire in every direction, fearing that the Emperor will send them to Siberia. What persecution! The fossil carcase of an enormous crocodile, but differing in some respects, from every species of that animal now existing, has been found near Bonn, on the Rhine—proving that "once upon a time," crocodiles inhabited that river. An old beggar and *chiffonier*, named Peruchon, died about ten days since, in the *Faubourg St. Martin*, Paris. He was about eighty years old, and in the "Reign of Terror," was known by the *sobriquet* of "*La Lanterne*," from his alacrity in hanging people to lamp-irons. He once saved the daughter of a noble house, together with her father and mother, on condition that she would marry him. She did so, and her family were saved. He died a reckless drunkard, in misery, neglect and penury.

The latest Parliamentary returns, show that the British Government has expended the enormous sum of £27,114,771, in suppressing the Slave Trade! Also, that 58,000 seamen are employed every year, between England and her American colonies. A new reform has been commenced, and I think one that will prove very beneficial to the working classes. It is that of paying wages on a Thursday or a Friday, instead of Saturday. The Bishop of Chichester, in a late Charge to his Clergy, says:—"If masters would pay their workmen on Thursday or Friday, instead of Saturday, I believe that many a victim to intemperance might be saved. Their Sunday comforts would be improved, and the duties of the Sabbath-Day would be much less interfered with."

The Queen has granted the widow of Lieut. Col. Stoddart, £150 pounds a year. It will be remembered that her husband was murdered in Bokhara. A new work from the pen of Dickens, is forthcoming—also a new historical romance by the Author of *Henri Quatre*. A shocking murder has been committed at Dunse, in Scotland—the victim being a Mr. Colburn, who was about to be married. It is supposed to be the act of some jealous rival. William Kendrew was executed last week, for the murder of Mr. Inchbald, near Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. One of the officers of the line of battle ship Caledonia, goes two or three miles ashore regularly, in a Mackintosh (india-rubber) dress, which he inflates, and by that means walks leisurely in the water, in which he is about breast high. During the late storm, a vessel was wrecked near Hartlepool, and six lives lost; and on Monday, five persons were killed, and as many wounded, by the explosion of a locomotive on the South Eastern Railway. Horne & Co.'s extensive and well-known carriage manufactory, in Oxford street, London, was burnt down last week; damage £20,000. About a fortnight since, the editors of the "Norfolk Chronicle," and the "Norwich Mercury," both died suddenly. A turnip has been raised by Mr. Skelbett, of Stainton, which weighed 20 lbs. 8 oz. Beat that, if you can! Mr. Saunders, silk-mercer, Regent street, London, has just put in his shop-window, a single plate of glass, 12 feet 9 inches by 7 feet 7 inches—containing 95 square feet. Beat that if you can! A thief, an "artful dodger," in this city, a few evenings since, tied the door of a jeweller's shop. He then broke a pane of glass, and stole twenty-eight gold rings, with which he escaped, the inmates being unable to pursue him. Beat that, if you can! The mammoth iron steamer "Great Britain," has had another trial in the Channel, in which she was completely successful. I expect she will be at New York about Midsummer, and—beat her, if you can! A widow at Exmouth, had her house broken into, last week, when sixty sovereigns were stolen. The burglar was seized with remorse the next day, and sent her back the money! Mr. David Lewis, a carrier, was robbed, on Saturday, of a large sum of money, and murdered, near Brecon. A laborer, named Gordon, was accidentally killed at Bervie, a short time since. He had lived in squalid penury—but on searching his papers, he was found to have been possessed of a large fortune, the whole of which he has left by will, for the education of the poor of the town. General Tom Thumb, has been assessed £728 for the Income Tax; and the Commissioners are resolved that it shall be paid. Why not? The town of Beer, in Dorsetshire, and three considerable towns in Somersetshire, are without a single lawyer. Happy people!

Fires.

☞ During the recent storms and high tides, which were swelled to an unusual degree in the Long Island Sound, by the north-easterly winds driving the waves into that narrow arm of the sea, a building at Hempstead Harbor, on Long Island, standing in the lumber yard of Mr. Wm. Hicks, took fire in a singular manner. It contained a large quantity of fresh lime, and in the intense heat thus occasioned, the building took fire and was consumed.

☞ At Chicago, Illinois, on the 3d inst., a fire broke out in the sash factory of Mr. Wm. Price. Several other dwellings were entirely destroyed, most of the furniture being saved. The Columbian House was among the buildings consumed. It was the property of the Hon. I. Wilson, of Batavia.

☞ Mr. Goodrich's house, in Allegheny Co., N. Y., took fire about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 6th, after the family went to bed. The fire was not discovered until after the kitchen was in flames, and three of the six children perished. Mr. G., himself, was badly burned.

☞ The gin-house of Dr. J. C. Boyd, of Madison county, Mass., was burned on the 24th ult., together with fifty bales of cotton. The corn-crib of Wesley Drane, near Canton, was also destroyed by fire on the 31st, with its contents, being about 1,000 bushels.

☞ The mill, near Fish's paper mill, in Westhampton, Mass., occupied by Mr. Martin Wright, for the manufacture of cotton batting, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night week, about ten o'clock. Loss about $1,000. The origin of the fire is not known.

☞ The Orthodox Meeting House in West Brattleboro', Mass., was entirely destroyed by fire on the 2d inst. The bell and clock are the principal loss, as the building was quite old, being the first meeting house ever built in the town.

☞ The Clarkeville, Tenn., Chronicle reports the destruction by fire of the valuable iron works of Stewart & Dick, near Cumberland River, known as the La Fayette Furnace. Loss estimated at $30,000. No insurance.

☞ On the evening of the 6th, the long row of stone buildings at the corner of Hill and Elizabeth streets, Rochester, N. Y., were destroyed by fire with all their contents.

☞ H. G. Park's paper mill, Westfield, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on the 14th inst. Loss between $6,000 and $7,000.

New York City.

Shocking Suicide.—On Tuesday last a young Spaniard, named Aldama, was observed to open the dormer window on the third story of the house of Mr G. L. Taillant, 58 Barclay street, having only on his boots, pantaloons and shirt. After sitting upon the frame of the window for some time, and using violent gesticulations, he climbed up over the projecting gutter and gained the roof. He then sat across the roof of the attic window, and commenced declaiming in an unintelligible manner to a crowd of persons who congregated in the street, but who, though a painter's ladder had been left at the house adjoining, which was well secured and reached above the eaves of the house, seem to have been afraid to attempt any interference with the young man, who was evidently laboring under mental aberration. Abruptly closing his harangue, he pushed back his hair from his temples, and placing his hands in the position of one about to dive, and securing additional impetus by the action of his feet, he plunged over into the street, and lighting upon his head on the flagged footpath, was instantly killed, his brains being scattered in every direction upon the pavement. It is stated that he was sent to New York from Havana, by his father, to break up an attachment he had formed, for one whom his parents did not wish him to marry. Despondency led to delirium, and insanity to the terrible result we have recorded.

☞ It is stated in the "Etats Unis," that a day or two since, a popular beau of New York society, who visited a young lady with the avowed designs of matrimony, was received, at the hitherto open door, by two of her brothers, and used with some unceremonious freedom. They had discovered *that he was married elsewhere!*

☞ The New York Express says: "A large fleet of vessels arrived here between Sunday and Monday forenoons, consisting of 11 ships, 13 barques, 18 brigs, 40 schooners, 28 sloops—total, 110. Among them two packets from Liverpool, one from Havre, and one from London."

☞ The number of Valentines received at the New York post office, on the 14th instant, is said to be between 20 and 25,000, and the number delivered, about 12,000.

☞ They had a smart thunder storm in New York on Saturday night. Lightning was also observed here.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$3 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.
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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, R. B. Hussey, and John Collins.*
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

The Ladies' National Magazine, *for March*, contains three *original* steel engravings. One is a beautiful picture of "Jeanie Deans," the heroic sister in Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian." Another is a view of the great road erected by Napoleon over the Alps, called "The Simplon." The third is a steel fashion-plate, the prettiest thing Mr. P. has yet published. The contributions are varied and excellent. Mrs. Stephens has a fine essay on the mental education of children. The Rev. Mr. Matheson's story of "Caroline Grahame," is a powerfully written tale: and its air of reality adds greatly to its merit. We have no doubt such incidents are daily transpiring around us. Miss Ashton has a well-told story called "The Factory Girl," which we shall endeavor to give next week. We notice in the Home Department some excellent remarks on tight-lacing and thin shoes, which we commend to the especial notice of parents. Indeed this Magazine is, in every respect, better adapted to the ladies than any other: it contains a fund of useful information, besides its agreeable literature and its pre-eminence in reporting the fashions: it is in fact a *home book*, as well as a companion for the boudoir, and we wonder how any female can be without it. The present number well sustains the high former reputation of the work.

History of the Church. *Harper & Brothers* have laid on our table, through *Ferrett & Co.*, a valuable theological publication. It is a volume of 600 pages, entitled, "A Chronological Introduction to the History of the Church, being an Inquiry into the true dates of the Birth and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and containing an Original Harmony of the Four Gospels, now first arranged in the order of time, by the Rev. Samuel Farmar Jarvis, D. D., L. L. D." The Protestant Episcopal Church, at its Convention, in 1838, appointed the author its Historiographer, to prepare a History from the Reformation to the present time. The volume under notice is preliminary to the main work; and gives evidence of untiring research and industry in its preparation. It is a most valuable work to all Christian Teachers, and an important addition to the ecclesiastical literature of this country, already celebrated.

Texas and The Gulf of Mexico, *or Yatching in the New World. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is the first number of "The Home and Traveller's Library," a series of volumes adapted to the pocket or the fireside, and of a shape so neat, and execution so good, as to be worthy of preservation after reading. This first volume is a very interesting journal, kept by a lady, who visited this continent in a Yatcht Schooner, and records her observations and experiences in a very pleasant manner; and with much more impartiality and tolerance of other customs, than we usually find in men. An extract from her book, which is a fair specimen of the style and contents of the whole work, will be found on our last page.

My Own Story. *By Mary Howitt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is Mary Howitt's own story of her own teens, and we regret to find that it is the last of a series of tales which have been read with interest and improvement by more youth in this, than in her own land, we are sure. As a writer for the young, she is unrivalled, combining simplicity and strength, and naturalness and vivid interest. This book, we are inclined to think, is one of the most fascinating of the whole collection—the more is the pity that it is the last.

Mental Excitement. *Lea & Blanchard* have published a third edition of Dr. Brigham's Remarks on the Influence of Mental Excitement and Mental Cultivation upon Health. Since the publication of the first edition it has been issued in two or three editions in Europe, prefaced by such men as Macnish. It is a most excellent work, and worthy the perusal of every person who has charge of education, and of every man who cultivates his own intellect.

Constitution *of the United States. Butler & Williams* have published a Brief Exposition of the Constitution of the United States, for the use of Common Schools, by John S. Hart, A. M., principal of the Philadelphia High School. This is a very useful book, the contents well arranged and clearly presented, so that the ordinary scholar can comprehend them. Of the importance of the subject it is unnecessary to speak.

Sacred Music.—*Ferrett & Co.*, have just published a volume of Chaunts of the Protestant Episcopal Church, consisting of a double set of original chaunts to each psalm; with new music to all the chaunts that are sung at the festivals; and a complete set of selected chaunts, by Charles Jarvis, a well known Professor of Music, and editor of many musical works.

Magazines.—The Magazines for March, are this year quick on the issue. Graham's, Godey's, Arthur's, and the Columbian, have each come to hand, but we are unable to notice them this week; our space being pre-occupied. We can only say, that the friends of each will find themselves well cared for. We extract a story from the Columbian.

The Nun, *or, Life in a Convent. New York: Farmer & Daggers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.*—This is a re-print of a work which was run through five editions in London. It seems to be ably written, and belongs to that class which manages controversy through the medium of narrative.

The Maid of Honor, *or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.* This tale, a translation from the French of Madame de Bawr, forms No. 46 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is for sale by *T. B. Peterson*, and *Ferrett & Co.*

Encyclopedia of Medicine. Number XXIII. of this work, now out, brings us within one of the conclusion. The publishers have found the demand such as to induce a much greater expedition in the publication than they contemplated.

Harper's Pictorial. No. 19 of Harper's Pictorial Bible brings the work down to to the twentieth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles. It is received by *Zieber & Co.*, by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Ferrett & Co.*

Roman Catholic Tenets.—Cunnigham has published a little book, by Bishop Kenrick, in explanation of the leading tenets of the faith of the Roman Church. He has also issued Nos. 20 and 21 of the Douay Bible.

The Magic Goblet. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a tale translated from the Swedish of Emilie Carlen, author of The Rose of Thistle Island. That was received with favor, and this will also be.

Littel's Living Age. This work, published in this city by Canning, keeps up its interest, and increases the favor with which the public welcomed it. It is a most acceptable periodical.

☞ The eighth number of "Smith's Volume," just issued, contains the continuation of the interesting work on Texas and Mexico, with other useful matter.

Personal News.

☞ The Stamford (Ct.) Advocate states that on Sunday, the 19th ult., the Rev. Daniel Smith, of the Congregational Church of that place, delivered his last regular discourse from the pulpit which he has occupied for fifty-two consecutive years. Mr. Alvord has been settled as his assistant. At the time of Mr. Smith's installation, the church consisted of seventy-seven members, all of whom have been gathered to the tomb. During his pastorship he has baptized six hundred and one persons, attended three hundred and thirty-five weddings, and preached 6,028 sermons.

☞ McLeod, who created such an uproar over the country on account of the part he took, or rather boasted, for notoriety sake, that he took in the Caroline affair, is now petitioning the Canadian Legislature for relief, alleging that his imprisonment in the United States reduced him to poverty.

☞ James S. Buckmaster, Esq., of Frederica, Kent county, has been appointed Treasurer of the State of Delaware. Abraham Staats, Esq., of New Castle county, has been appointed State Auditor.

☞ Gen. Cass was to leave Detroit, on his way to Washington, to take his seat in the new Senate, on the 4th of March next.

☞ Rev. John H. Fairchild came voluntarily into the Municipal Court, Boston, on Saturday last, and had his indictments read to him. He gave bail in the sum of $1,000 for his appearance, and his trial is assigned for the 24th day of March next.

☞ We perceive that our old friend, John T. Adams, Esq., formerly resident in Harrisburg, is now in practice of his profession in Norwich, Conn. Those in want of legal services there, will find his address in the proper column.

☞ It is stated in the Springfield Gazette, that Hon. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, has made a munificent donation to Amherst College, for the permanent endowment of the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in that institution.

☞ The family of Mr. Polk consists of Mrs. Polk, and her charge, Master Marshall Polk, a lad ten years old, the son of a deceased brother who lived in North Carolina, and whom Col. Polk has adopted, and Mr. Walker, his Private Secretary.

☞ The friends of the Hon. R. T. Conrad, who have heard of his sudden and dangerous illness, by the rupture of a bloodvessel, will be rejoiced to hear that he is convalescent.

☞ The New Orleans papers are commenting in raptures, upon the singing and playing of a Madam Hammarskold, in New Orleans. Phœbus what a name!

☞ Ole Bull is making a wonderful sensation at the West. New Orleans ran crazy after him—and at last dates, he was the prevailing epidemic at St. Louis.

☞ The nomination of Judge Nelson, of New York, to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was confirmed by the Senate on Friday week.

☞ Hon. John White, a member of Congress from Kentucky, has been nominated by the Governor of that State as a judge in the 19th judicial district.

☞ The liberty of the Senate Chamber has been presented to ex-President Lamar, of Texas.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

THE TUNNEL—ST. PAUL'S—THE STRAND—TRAFALGAR SQUARE—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

London, August 19th, 1844.

Continuing our way down the Thames, through the narrow streets of Wapping, we passed St. Katharine's Dock, capable of containing 150 vessels, and this in the midst of the city, communicating with the Thames by a channel. Over the mouth of the Tunnel is a large circular building, with a dome, to light the entrance below. Paying the fee of a penny, we descended by a winding staircase to the bottom, which is seventy-three feet below the surface. The carriage-way, still unfinished, will extend further into the city. From the bottom the view of the two arches of the Tunnel, brilliantly lighted with gas, is very fine; it has a much less heavy and gloomy appearance than I expected to find. As we walked along under the bed of the river, two or three girls at one end began playing on the French horn and bugle, and the echoes, when not too deep to confuse the melody, added much to the effect. Between the arches of the division separating the two passages, are shops, occupied principally, by venders of fancy articles, such as china, containing views of the Tunnel, engravings, &c. In the middle is a small printing press, where a sheet containing a description of the construction of the whole work is printed for those who desire it. Not being a stranger to this art, I requested the boy to let me print one myself, but he had such a miserable roller I did not succeed in getting a good impression. The air within is somewhat damp, but fresh and agreeably cool, and one can scarcely realize in walking along the light passage, that a river is rolling above his head. The immense solidity and compactness of the structure precludes the danger of accident, though considering the nature of the undertaking, it is remarkable so few accidents occurred. It will for a long time be a noble monument of human daring and ingenuity.

Our next visit was to St. Paul's. Joining the crowd in Ludgate street who were going westward, we were hurried by the tide to the New Royal Exchange, which we stopped to glance at. The original building, which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was burned down on the night of the 10th of January, 1838. The present edifice, the corner stone of which was laid between two and three years ago, with great ceremony, by Prince Albert, is now far advanced toward completion. The front is of the Corinthian order, and the building, when finished, will be one of the finest in London. In front an equestrian bronze statue is erected, but I did not learn of whom. Just opposite is the Bank of England; and this vicinity may perhaps be considered as the centre of business, the strongest tides generally flowing in this direction, and at the meeting of Cornhill and Cheapside, the tumult is almost bewildering. The Bank is enormously large, covering eight acres, but its outward appearance is not at all striking, compared with the Exchange. The various elevations are in the Corinthian style, copied after the Sybil's Temple at Tivoli.

But St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur excelling every thing I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look up to it; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, give it a dim, shadowy appearance that perfectly startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches—it seems blackened for two hundred years with the coal-smoke of London, like a relic of the giant architecture of the early world. And in the interior is what one would expect to behold, after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side, encompassing the dome, which you look up at, as at the sky; and from every pillar and wall look down the marble forms of the dead. There is scarcely a vacant niche left in all this mighty hall, so many are the statues that meet one on every side. They are executed in such a style of art that I became tired of admiration. However, with the exceptions of John Howard, Sir Astley Cooper, and Wren, whose monument is the church itself, they are all to military men. I thought if they had all been removed except Howard's, it would better have suited such a temple, and the great soul it commemorated.

The ascent was a work of no inconsiderable magnitude. First we came to the whispering gallery, on the inside of the dome, where, by walking around to the other side, the boy entertained us with an account of the size, history, &c., of the church, in a whisper which was carried distinctly across. I never was more impressed with the grandeur of the human mind, than when ascending the dome. I could not conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. That small frame of Sir Christopher Wren must have contained a mind capable of vast conceptions. It is like the summit of a mountain; so wide is the prospect, and so great the pile up on which you stand. London lay beneath us, like an ant-hill, with the black insects swarming to and fro in their long avenues, the sound of their employments coming up like the roar of the sea. A cloud of coal-smoke hung over it, through which many a pointed spire was thrust up; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment, and the millions of red roofs would shine out clearer. The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted caterpillar. The scene was like an immense circular picture in the blue frame of the hills around. The hall is about eight feet higher, but we did not care to pay a shilling and a half to be crammed into a narrow chamber where nothing could be seen.

Continuing our way up Fleet street, which, notwithstanding the gaiety of its shops and its constant bustle, has quite an antique appearance, we came to the Temple Bar, the western boundary of the ancient city. It is a triple arch, and in the inside of the middle one, the old gates are still standing. Formerly the heads of traitors were spiked over the bar. Immediately to the right is the Temple, a collection of irregular buildings, occupied by law students, barristers, &c. I was not before aware that this had formerly been the residence of the Knights Templars, from which its name is derived. The church connected with it is very ancient, having been built by the Knights Templars on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and in the western tower are eleven of their tombs. From this point we entered the new portion of the city, which wore an air of increasing splendor as we advanced. Splendid public edifices began to crowd each other on either side. On the right is Exeter Hall, capable of containing 4,000 persons, and a little further the Lowther Arcade, 245 feet in length, with a beautiful roof, the arches of which rest on pilasters. On the left is Somerset House, a magnificent building in which Queen Elizabeth, Anne of Denmark, and other sovereigns frequently held their courts. Farther on is the Royal Adelaide Gallery of Science, a fine large structure of light granite, near the entrance of Trafalgar Square. The appearance of the Strand and Square is truly magnificent. Fancy every house in Broadway a store, all built of light granite, the Park stripped of all its trees and paved with granite, and a lofty column in the centre, and double the crowd, and the tumult of business, and you will have some idea of the Strand. The whole West-End of London, is perhaps unsurpassed in the world for splendor—in fact London is in itself a little universe of splendor and crime.

At the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square is the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, the portico of which is greatly admired for its architectural beauty. The north side is occupied by the National Gallery of Painting, a very fine building, but as I intend to visit it shortly, I will reserve the description till another time. Facing the Nelson Monument at Charing Cross, is a bronze equestrian statue of Charles I., the first erected in England, and near this the splendid mansion of the Duke of Northumberland, surmounted by a lion, the crest of the Percy family. But it is tiresome to describe such a bewildering chaos of splendid edifices. One's admiration is kept constantly on the stretch in walking among them, and the mental fatigue becomes at last greater than that of the body. I have for the first time experienced what it is to get tired of admiring.

It was a relief to get into St. James's Park, among the trees and flowers again. Here the most beautiful winding walks led around little lakes, in which were hundreds of water-fowl, swimming—sometimes a little island would diversify the view, the path would lead between beds of flowers. Groups of merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying their privilege of roaming every where at will, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks. At the western end stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees towards St. Paul's; and through the grove on the eminence above, the towers of St. James's could be seen. But there was a dim building, with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of pointed Gothic pinnacles, that I looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could not linger long in its vicinity, but going back again by the Horse Guards, took the road to *Westminster Abbey*.

We approached by the general entrance, Poet's Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry VIIth's Chapel, but hurried on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes was the words "Oh, rare Ben Johnson," under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spencer and Gay, and a few paces further looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious appearance, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers, so shadowy and impressive, that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the associations of my childhood. There was the gentle feminine countenance of Thompson, and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber, I paused long before the ashes of Shakspeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected—what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is completely fettered by their spirit. Everything is forgotten but the mighty dead, who who still "rule us from their graves."

The Chapel of Henry VII., which we next entered, is one of the most elaborate specimens of Gothic workmanship in the world. If the first idea of the Gothic arch sprung from observing the forms of trees, this Chapel must resemble the first conceptions of that order, for the fluted columns rise up like tall trees, branching out at the top into spreading capitals covered with leaves, and supporting arches of the ceiling resembling a leafy roof. The whole ceiling is of carved stone, as well as the sides and side chapels. These last are filled with tombs of knightly families, the husband and wife lying on their backs on the tombs, with their hands clasped, while their children, about the size of dolls, are kneeling around. Numberless are the Barons and Earls and Dukes, whose grim effigies stare from their tombs. I never beheld such a profusion of sculpture. In opposite side chapels are the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth, and near the former the tomb of Darnley. After having visited many of the scenes of her life, it was with no ordinary emotion that I stood by the sepulchre of Mary. How differently one looks upon it and upon that of the proud Elizabeth!

From it we descended to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, within the splendid shrine of which repose his ashes. In the same Chapel is the magnificent tomb of Henry III., also of Edward I., and his Queen. Here we were shown the chair on which the English monarchs have been crowned for several hundred years. Under the seat is the stone, brought from the Abbey of Scone, whereon the Kings of Scotland were crowned. The chair is of oak, carved and hacked over with names, and on the bottom some one has recorded his name with the fact that he once slept in it. We sat down and rested ourselves in it without ceremony. Passing along an aisle leading to the grand hall, we saw the tomb of Aymer de Valence, a Knight of the Crusades. Near here is the Hall, where the Knights of the Order of Bath met. Over each seat their dusty banners are still hanging, each with its crest, and their armor is rusting upon the wall. It seemed like a banquetting hall of the olden time, where the Knights had left their seats for a moment vacant. Entering the side Chapels which border the great hall, we were lost in the wilderness of sculpture. Here stood the forms of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan and Watts, from the chisels of Chantry, Bacon and Westmacott. Further down were Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Godfrey Kneller—opposite Andre, and Paoli, the Italian, who died here in exile. How can I convey an idea of the scene? Notwithstanding all the descriptions I had read, I was totally unprepared for the reality, and I am glad that it is so, otherwise I would have lost the indescribable feelings with which I have witnessed it. A place so unlike every other place in the world must be seen to be understood. It is only for those who are unable to visit it, a description would be interesting, but if I thought it would induce a few to come, I would write till the pen dropped from my hand. J. B. T.

☞ A gentleman informs the editor of the Marlboro' Gazette, that while getting ice, a few days since, a black snake, three feet long, was found moving actively in the water. This is curious, as the general opinion is, that snakes remain in a torpid state during the cold weather.

Local Intelligence.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday evening, in the Saloon of the Chinese Museum. The display of green-house plants of various kinds, in flower, was splendid, and attracted much admiration from the large number of ladies and gentlemen present.

The Committee on Plants and Flowers awarded the following premiums:

For the best regularly shaped camelias, six varieties, to Alex. Craigg, gardener to Mr. Campbell.

For the next best to John Sherwood.

For the best Camelias of other forms, to John Sherwood.

For the best six green-house plants, to James Bisset, gardener to James Dundas.

For the most interesting display of plants, to the same.

For the best bouquet, to the same.

They also noticed with pleasure, two fine tables of interesting plants in bloom, exhibited by Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Buist.

The Committee on fruits, reported that they had examined and tasted the two varieties of apples presented this evening by Mr. Mahlon Moore, one of which is said to be a seedling, and is of very fine flavor, (this the Committee have named the Berks county pippin;) the other, also an excellent fruit, resembling both in taste and appearance a white pippin. Also, a very delicious pear, of the variety named d'Aremberg, of surpassing excellence, resembling very much the flavor of a cantelope. The latter was presented by Mr. J. B. Baxter.

The Committee on vegetables, awarded the premium for the best display, to Anthony Felton, and a special premium of $2 to Patrick Burt, gardener to Mr. Dickson, for some lettuce and radishes.

From the report of the Treasurer, it appeared that the receipts during the last autumnal exhibition, amounted to $2,211 50, and the expenses attending it $1,148 46, leaving a nett profit of $1,063 04. The whole amount of profits from exhibitions, since the establishment of the Society, is reported at more than $9,000.

☞ The tenth annual report of the city gas works has been made. The receipts for the year past have been $181,951 29, and the expenses $162,301 94—leaving an overplus on the operations of the year of $19,649 35. In accordance with instructions, a discount of twelve and a half per cent. was ordered to be made from September 1st, 1844, in the bills of private customers, and from the 1st of February, 1845, the price was ordered to be fixed at $3 per 1,000 cubic feet, with a discount of five per cent. for the prompt payment of bills.

☞ The Association for the relief of disabled firemen has invested capital to the amount of $13,949 58, and the balance in hand is $521 65, making the whole amount of capital $14,471 23. The increase of capital since last report is, therefore, $551 23. Included in this increase is the sum of $300, received under the will of the late Dr. Bleson. During the past year relief has been granted to various persons, amounting to $625 17, and the total amount expended in this manner since the organization of the Association is $3,623 37.

☞ A case re-suggesting caution in the administration of opiates to children occurred in this city the other day. The father of a child being sick the attending physician had prescribed a narcotic, which contained opium. The medicine having a favorable effect on the father, the mother administered it to the child, and from the effects it died.

☞ The case of Col. Charles J. Jack, charged with "embracery," was on Saturday last called up by Judge Jones, who discharged the defendant, there being no testimony against him to sustain the accusation.

Crimes.

☞ The body of Mr. Lucius P. Osborn, 28 years of age, a resident of New Haven, was found early on a recent morning, near the railroad bridge, and within a few feet of the road, dead and frozen. His head was badly cut and broken, and a large quantity of blood appeared to have flown from him. An inquest was held, and the jury gave their opinion that the deceased came to his death by sundry blows from some person or persons unknown. Andrew P. Potter and Charles Coe, were immediately arrested—some circumstances seeming to fasten suspicion on them.

☞ A forgery was committed on the Union Bank, Baltimore, on Friday, in the name of M. Doyle, lottery dealer and exchange broker. The amount secured by the fraud is, $1,755 55, in a single check, $1,500 of which was paid in three notes of that bank, of the denomination of $500 each; and as there is but one other note of that denomination out, it is hoped that so much of the amount will at least be unavailable to the rogue.

☞ Mr. John Garrett, of the firm of Messrs. R. Garrett & Sons, Baltimore, on Friday, while on his way to make a deposit in one of the banks, had part of the money which he had in a bank book, taken by some person, who must have been following him for that purpose. Mr. G. was not aware of his loss until he missed the funds on his arrival at the bank. The amount of the loss is $1,700.

☞ There are now in the Syracuse, (N. Y.) jail, fourteen boys, from 8 to 19 years old, committed for vagrancy and larceny, eight of whom have been committed before, several of them three or four times. One or both of the parents of most of these boys, are intemperate.

General News.

☞ A boundary question exists between Missouri and Iowa, which may lead to a tedious controversy. Gov. Edwards, of Missouri, has just vetoed a bill for the appointment of commissioners with the authority to settle the question. The St. Louis papers call upon their Senators and Representatives to oppose the admission of Iowa into the Union, until its boundaries have been modified in accordance with the claims of Missouri.

☞ The Middletown (Ct.) Constitution, says that O. Holmes, of East Haddam, killed, last Christmas, two geese, which weighed nineteen and the other sixteen pounds. The largest weighed, undressed, (head cut off,) twenty-two pounds. They were white-feathered Bremens. It may be said with truth of Mr. Holmes, that "*his geese are swans.*"

☞ The last snow-storm but one, seems to have covered the widest extent of territory known in many years. On the East, it extended as far as Bangor; on the South, as far as Norfolk; on the West, as far as Michigan, and on the North all over Canada. It is rarely that so wide an extent of country is visited at once by a storm.

☞ Aroostook County, Me., is formed out of the long disputed territory. The land is equal to the best in the State, and many farmers have fields of wheat of seventy-five and a hundred acres, yielding an average of thirty bushels to the acre. There are now in the County, six hundred families, making a population of 3,600.

☞ The Louisiana State Convention, is still in session at New Orleans, engaged in remodeling the State Constitution. On the 6th inst., an important clause was adopted, which provides that naturalized citizens shall reside in the State two years before they can exercise the right of suffrage.

☞ The Lehigh Navigation, according to the Mauch Chunk Gazette, along the whole line from White Haven to Easton, has been put in complete repair since the close of the boating season—and is now in order to let in the water at the earliest practicable period.

☞ The bill reducing the rate of fare on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad to one dollar and a half, was, on Wednesday week, passed by the Senate of the Maryland Legislature. It was previously passed by the House, and is now therefore a law.

☞ The U. S. Frigate Savannah, Com. Armstrong, was at Hado, Sandwich Islands, 21st Sept. last. H. B. M. ship Carysfort, Lord Geo. Paulet, was also there at the same time.

POSTSCRIPT.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

TWENTY-THREE DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the packet steamship Hibernia, we have London dates to the 4th inst.

At the time of sailing the news had not been received (of course) of the act directing the payment of the Pennsylvania interest, and all was still in doubt—doubt aggraved by speculators.

The cotton market remains without any change worth notice. The prospects of the manufacturers were bright. Money continued very easy.

Parliament opened on the day of the steamer's departure. There is no news of any moment from England.

The French Ministry had carried their answer to the Kings's Address, and on some other test questions. had a small but sure majority.

From Spain, we learn that the Guerilla Chief Zurbano and his brother-in-law had been captured and shot. Previous accounts, stated that he had escaped, but the last is authentic.

The Swedish Cantons were in a distracted state—amounting to open warfare.

The Roman Pontiff is stated to be dangerously ill.

There is, we regret to find, no news of the two missing New York packet ships.

The above are all the items of importance.

State Legislature.

In Senate, Thursday, February 13. The Bill appropriating $20,000 for the purchase of trucks, passed with a slight amendment.

In the House. Mr. Bayard's Bill, for the suppression of riots, passed Committee of the Whole.

In Senate, Friday, February 14. Nothing of importance transpired.

In the House. The Senate amendments to the District Election Bill being non-concurred in, a Committee of Conference were appointed. The Bill to suppress riots was under debate; an amendment was adopted, limiting its operation to the City and County of Philadelphia.

In Senate, Saturday, Feb. 15. Reports were received, and a great many private and corporation Bills were acted upon, but none finally.

In the House. Resolutions were agreed to: To inquire into the amount of defalcations since 1843, with instructions to the Committee on Reform to report a Bill to make embezzlement felony; do. do., abolishing the payment of members' postages; do., taxing hogs; do., reducing the Philadelphia Coroner's fees. The Bill to suppress riots passed second reading.

In Senate, Monday, Feb. 17. Several reports, &c., were made, and among them a Bill was introduced by Mr. Crabb, extending the charter of the Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania, and another by Mr. Quay, incorporating the Farmers' Bank of Clinton County, with a capital of $100,000. The Bill re-chartering the Commercial Bank, greatly modifies in important particulars the act of last year, which the stockholders declined to accept.

A resolution introduced by Mr. Sullivan was adopted, that hereafter no member shall speak more than once on a question, and then only fifteen minutes. The bill for the removal of the seat of justice of Columbia Co., was agreed to, 17 to 14.

A message was received from the Executive, containing the following nominations for Associate Judges, from and after the 27th inst., viz:—

Jonah Brewster, for the County of Tioga.
Strange N. Palmer, for the County of Schuylkill.
Samuel C. Bonham, for the County of York.
John C. Bucher, for the County of Dauphin.
Jno. Montelius, for the County of Union, in the room of George Schnabel, whose term of office is about to expire.

In the House, a large number of petitions were presented, and several bills reported, which were generally of a local character, when the bill for the suppression of riots again came up, and the question being on the title of the bill, a motion was made by Mr. Banning to postpone the further consideration of the bill until Wednesday week. He stated his object to be, to have, if possible, a conference between the city and county members, with a view to effect such modification of the bill as would harmonize and satisfy all parties. The motion was agreed to.

The bill defining clearly the rights of sureties, paying the debts of their principals, to be substituted to all the rights and remedies of the creditor, which was then under consideration, passed final reading, after some conversation and modification by the legal gentlemen of the House.

The proceedings of the Legislature on the 19th embrace nothing perfected worthy of note. The Senate, suspending the rules, confirmed the nominations of Judges Brewster and Montelius, as Associate Judges of Tioga and Union Counties.

Congressional.

Wednesday, Feb. 12.—No Legislative business of any importance took place in either House, as the two branches met in convention for the purpose of counting the votes for President and Vice President. The votes were counted in geographical order, commencing with Maine—and the result, at the close, was declared to be: For James K. Polk, 170; for Henry Clay, 105. The same vote was given for Vice President—and at the close, the President of the Senate officially declared the gentlemen duly elected.

In Senate, Thursday, Feb. 13.—Mr. Fairfield presented the resolutions of Maine, in favor of the admission of Texas. Mr. Ashley introduced a new joint resolution on that subject. The House resolutions formally came up, and pending their discussion, the Senate passed into Executive Session.

In the House.—The bill to admit Florida and Iowa into the Union, passed finally.

In Senate, Friday, Feb. 14.—The House Bill for the admission of Iowa and Florida as States, was read twice and referred to the Judiciary. The Texas Resolutions from the House were up, on the question of their indefinite postponement, and Mr. Buchanan made a speech, against that motion, and in favor of the resolutions.

In the House, the West Point Academy and the Navy Pension Bills were passed.

In Senate, Saturday Feb. 15.—The discussion of the House Texas Resolutions was resumed, Mr. Rives speaking against the admission of Texas, in any other way than by treaty.

In the House.—The Army Bills were discussed, and reports received from committees.

In Senate, Monday, Feb. 17.—The Naval Pension and the West Point Bills were passed. Mr. Woodbury spoke on the Annexation of Texas, and in favor of the House Resolutions.

In the House.—The bill from the Senate, to restrict and grant pensions in certain cases, after being amended, was read a third time and passed. The Bill to regulate and reduce the pay of the Army coming up, Mr. Adams spoke in favor of it, and Mr. Raynor against it. The bill was passed—yeas 107, nays 27.

In Senate, Tuesday, Feb. 18.—After some routine business, the Texas question came up, and Mr. Choate, of Mass., made a speech against it, which is spoken of on all hands as one of great ability.

In the House, the bill appropriating $20,000 to refurnish the White House was rejected, 62 ayes to 70 nays. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

WE LET THE FOLLOWING SPEAK FOR ITSELF:

Bridgeton, N. J., Dec. 28, 1844.

Mr. J. M. Steeling—For ten years past I have been dreadfully afflicted with deafness, occasioned by an ulceration in my ear, which caused great pain, and prevented me from hearing or participating in conversation; this ulceration frequently bursted, and I was totally unable to hear in one ear. Having heard the positive and remarkable cures effected by Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, I got a bottle of you, which I used according to direction, and with the best effects, being now restored so as to hear quite well. My father, who has been quite deaf for a number of years, has received decided benefit from it; from experience, I am sure it will cure the severest cases if used fairly, and I recommend it to every person suffering from this great affliction. Yours, Oliver Whitaker.

Prepared only by B. Bell, and for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, and B. B. Gumpert, No. 120 North 3d street, Philadelphia.

Sands's Sarsaparilla.—Almost daily new applications of both natural and artificial agents are discovered. Who could have supposed, ten years ago, that a transcript of the human countenance would be pencilled by the sunbeams? Thus, in the progress of knowledge, is the sphere of usefulness of all objects continually enlarged. Sands's Sarsaparilla, one of the most valuable discoveries of a wonder-working age, was at first supposed to be applicable exclusively to external disease, such as sores, ulcers, eruptions, and especially scrofula. Experience, however, while it has demonstrated more palpably its efficacy in this class of complaints, has also proved that it is equally serviceable in many others, such as inflammatory rheumatism, torpidity of the liver, general debility, dyspepsia, and a variety of different ailments now known to originate in peculiar states of the blood.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, 79 Fulton street, New York.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

2210 shares		Wilmington R. R.	21½a22
1900	do.	Girard Bank,	8a8¼
625	do.	Reading R. R.	24½a25
128	do.	United States Bank,	5¼a5
100	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	8¼
15	do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	87½
11	do.	Mechanics Bank,	24½
11	do.	Phoenix Insurance Co.	31
10	do.	Kentucky Bank,	72
9	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	60½
8	do.	Philadelphia & Trenton R. R.	100a102½
2	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	264½
$6000		Chess. & Del. Canal Loan, 6's,	66½
$22,000		Penna. 5's,	73½
$1500		Lehigh 6's, 1853,	38a38½
$6000		Penna 5's,	72¼

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Orange Bank, Orange, N. J.—5's, vignette, shipping warehouses, &c.; on left end Indian and dog. Durand & Co., engravers. Unlike the true bills.

Bank of Owego, Owego, N. Y.—2's, spurious. Vignette a female representing Liberty. On left end Indian seated on a rock.

Troy City Bank, Troy, N. Y.—5's, vignette, on upper part of right end, a steamboat, with the word "Caroline" on the wheel box. Cattle, &c., on the left end. The title of the bank rather faint. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co., New York, engravers.

2's and 3's, on the Danbury Bank, Ct. These counterfeits purport to be engraved by Durand & Co., New York. The genuine notes of this bank were all engraved by Toppan, Carpenter & Co., N. Y.

3's, on the Bank of New Rochelle, altered from ones. The genuine 3's have a sailor for a vignette.

2's, on the Yates County Bank, letter A, with the head of Washington for a vignette. The bill appears to be much shorter than the genuine. The engraving and die work are very coarse.

10's, on the Tremont Bank, Boston, altered from the old Franklin Bank, are in circulation. Very clumsily done.

10's, Morris County Bank, N. J., altered from ones. Vignette, a female, with other apparatus.

50's and 100's, on the Jefferson County Bank. Purports to be engraved by Durand & Co.

10's, Massachusetts Bank, Boston, altered from 1's. An Indian for a vignette. The genuine 10's have the arms of the State.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Remarks.—The mild weather and rain of last Saturday has cleared the Delaware of ice, and the navigation is once more entirely free for vessels to pass up and down without the aid of steam. As the weather is mild, and a number of vessels now beginning to arrive, we shall have an increase in business in a few days.

Ashes—We quote western nominal at $4. *Bark*—A further sale of first quality No. 1 quercitron at $21. *Coffee*—The demand since last week has been exceedingly limited and prices steady. *Cotton*—The market has been rather inactive since our last report, and the sales making reach about 320 bales. We quote ordinary to good middling uplands 5½a8½; middling fair 6½c; fully fair and fine Mobile 7a7½, on the usual credit. There is a disposition among purchasers generally to await further advices from England, now daily expected. *Fish*—Sales of mackerel and codfish are only in a small way, from store, at previous rates. *Fruit*—But little doing in any kind, and without variation in price. We quote good cranberries $11. *Flour and Meal*—The market for flour is pretty firm, although there is but little export demand, holders generally asking $4,25 for shipping brands. Sales about 1000 bbls new made at $4,25 for fair and good parcels, part for export, including 100 bbls scraped at $4. We quote common to fair brands at $4,12½a4,25, though we believe very little can be had at the former rate. Sales for city use at $4,25a4,50 as in quality, and $4,75a5 for extra brands. Rye flour is scarce; we quote at $3,12½. Corn Meal—The nominal asking price of Pa. is $2,25, Brandywine $2,44. *Grain*—The only sale of wheat is about 1000 bushels Pa. red from store at 87a90c for inferior, we quote good and prime at 93a95c. Rye is worth 65a66c. Corn is more inquired for, southern yellow held at 44c, white 42c in store. Oats—Last sales southern 27c, Pa. 28a29c. *Hemp* more firm—A sale of 150 bales dew rotted at $80 on time. *Lead*—No sales, an arrival of 800 pigs is held at $4½, we quote at $4a4½ on time. *Molasses*—The only parcel in first hands is about 200 hhds and tcs heavy new crop Trinidad held at 23c. *Naval Stores*—No changes. *Oils*—The prices of sperm and whale have rather a downward tendency—Linseed sells at 67c. *Provisions*—There is little demand for pork and beef, and prices are steady. Bacon—Sales of hams at 8c, shoulders 4½a5c. Lard sells at 7a7½c for western and Jersey. Butter and cheese, demand moderate. *Rice*—Small transactions at 3½c. *Seeds*—The demand for cloverseed has abated, and the market is again without much inquiry—small sales from wagons at $3,56a4; we quote good and prime lots at $4a4,12½. Flaxseed is dull, and American held at $1,35; we quote foreign at the same rate. *Sugar*—Several parcels of New Orleans are in the river, but as none have reached the wharves there have been no transactions reported, and the market remains nominally the same as at last week's report. *Whiskey*—Sales of hhds at 20c, bbls held at 22c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—The offering comprised 512 head, 497 of which were sold, including 137 for N. York, at $4,50a6 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—118 offered—Sales of dry cows at $8a12; springers $8a16, and milch cows $15a30 each, as in quality. Swine—At market 475. Sales at $3,25a4,50 per 100 lbs., as in quality. Sheep—There were only 300 brought in this week and all sold at $1,50a3,75 each. Hay—There were 100 loads offered—Sales at 80a85c per 100 lbs. Rye straw 6a7c per bundle.

Brighton, near Boston, Feb. 10.—At market, 600 beef cattle, and 1000 sheep. 25 beef cattle, exclusive of 50 which arrived too late, and are not included above, remain unsold. Prices—Beef Cattle—The quality of the cattle this week was better than last, without any advance in prices. We quote extra at $5,25a5,50—first quality $5a5,25; second quality $4,50a4,75; third quality $4a4,50. Sheep—Common sheep from $1,75 to 2,25; wethers from $2,25 to 4,50. One lot very fine and heavy $5. Swine—None at market except a few ordinary.

Baltimore, Feb. 14.—There were 430 head of beef cattle offered at the scales during the week, all of which, excepting 30 head which were driven north, were sold to city butchers, at prices ranging from $2 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $4a6 nett, according to quality. Sales are generally made at intervening prices. Hogs—Live hogs are scarce, and in good demand—sales have been made at $4,87½a5 per 100 lbs, which prices they will now command. We note some arrivals of killed pork at $4,75a4,87½ and $5 per 100 lbs.

New York, Feb. 17.—At market, 1100 beef cattle, 150 from the south, 165 cows and calves, and 1200 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—In good request. We quote $4,50 to 4,75 for poor, and $5,25 to 6 for good retailing sorts; a few extra a little higher. Cows and calves all sold at $16a30. Sheep and Lambs—We quote from $2 to 5, as in quality. Hay—We quote 67½ to 68c per cwt.

Richmond, Feb. 13.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,25a2,75, according to quality. Mutton—2a3c gross; nett 4a6c, according to quality. Hogs—$5 per 100 lbs.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.
SEMPER EADEM.

The subscriber after having spent several years endeavoring to reduce his System of cutting, in every particular to actual admeasurement, has accomplished the task. It is well known by those conversant with *Mahan's System*, that every point except one is established, as above alluded to, that one being the "*upper point of side seam*" is of more importance than any other. Those who are desirous of obviating the difficulty arising from this imperfection in all systems, may avail themselves of this discovery as soon as the patent shall have been secured through the medium of the Spring Report, which will contain all the particulars. The subscriber feels confident that it will be hailed among the tailors of our land as the *Tailor's Stone*, which, though not the object of the grave philosopher's pursuit, yet, to the tailor of far greater importance. It will bear examination, and will be found to apply to all shaped men, whether high, low, or round-shouldered, or any other form that human nature is liable to wear. F. MAHAN,

Publisher of the Paris, London and Philadelphia Fashions, No. 211 Chesnut street.

What better proof can be given of the value and goodness of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, than the fact that numerous unprincipled persons are busily engaged in counterfeiting them.

The counterfeiter of bank notes endeavors to select the best institutions upon which to commit his forgeries. In like manner, the counterfeitors of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have selected the patrons of the most popular medicine in the country upon whom to practice their wicked imposition.

Caution to the Public.—The patrons of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are respectfully informed that I have a box of pills purchased from J. Haswell, Wheeling, which are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The only security against imposition is to purchase at *James Mellor's Variety Store*, or at the Office and General Depot, No. 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

HEALTH OFFICE, FEBRUARY 15, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 8th to the 15th February.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Aneurism,	1	0	Brought over,	35	33
Apoplexy,	2	0	Hæmorrhage,	0	1
Cancer,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	1
Croup,	0	4	——Lungs,	0	3
Congestion of the Lungs,	0	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	3
——Brain,	1	0	——Breast,	0	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	15	2	——Liver,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	8	——Peritoneum,	1	0
——Puerperal,	1	0	Inanition,	0	2
Cyanosis,	0	2	Induration of Liver,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
——Head,	0	1	Malformation of the Heart,	0	1
——Breast,	1	1	Marasmus,	0	1
Disease of Brain,	1	2	Measles,	0	2
——Heart,	2	0	Mortification,	1	0
——Hip,	1	0	——Intestines,	1	0
——Larynx,	0	1	Old Age,	2	0
Dysentery,	1	0	Perforation of Intestines,	1	0
Debility,	1	1	Quinsy,	0	1
Epilepsy,	1	0	Rheumatism,	1	0
Erysipelas,	0	1	Small Pox,	0	1
Enlargement of the Prostrate Gland,	1	0	Still Born,	0	11
Fever,	1	1	Unknown,	3	1
——Congestive,	1	0	Violence,	1	0
Puerperal,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	6			
——Typhus,	1	1			
Carried over,	35	33	Total,	114—50	64

Of the above there were 3 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 9,	24	26	30
10,	20	30	36
11,	35	40	42
12,	38	41	43
13,	23	24	27
14,	20	22	23
15,	34	38	38

SMITH'S WEEKLY VOLUME.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS HAVE BEEN already published in the Weekly Volume, commenced January 1, 1845:

The Three Kingdoms, by Viscount d'Arlincourt;
The Englishman in Egypt, by Mrs. Poole;
The Master Passion, by T. C. Grattan, Esq.;
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feb 22-1t No. 19 St. James' street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

February, 1845.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
22 Saturday,	6 34	5 26	2 15	D. H. M.
23 Sunday,	6 32	5 28	2 49	
24 Monday,	6 31	5 28	3 32	
25 Tuesday,	6 30	5 32	3 57	
26 Wednesday,	6 29	5	4 38	
27 Thursday,	6 28	5	5 18	New 6 1 34
28 Friday,	6 26	5 34	6 16	First 17 11 59
1 Saturday,	6 25	5 35	7 15	Full 22 1 45

Married,

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. John F. Koner, to Miss Susan A. Vaughan, daughter of T. Vaughan, Esq. of Kensington.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. E. L. Janes, James W. Miller, to Henrietta Yeager, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Higgins, Mr. John Horsfall, of England, to Mrs. Rhoda A. Sexton, of this city.

On the 17th November last, by the Chaplain on board of H. B. M. ship of war America, laying in the harbor of Callao, Peru, Mr. John Hern, of Scotland, to Miss Cornelia Parker, of this city.

On the 15th of January, by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, Moses William Ginn, of Cecil county, Md., to Sarah Jane, daughter of Thomas Wharteaby, of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Theodore Deklyne, Jr. to Miss Amelia McKage, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. William Cooper, Mr. John J. Ristine, to Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, all of Philadelphia.

By the same, on the 16th inst. Mr. Burton J. Kollock, to Miss Margaret S. Evil, all of Southwark.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. Wm. A. McMin, to Miss Caroline Bildkebach, all of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the same, Mr. John Kling, of Union county, to Miss Maria Kling, of Lancaster co., Pa.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Geo. B. Ide, Henry Benner, to Mrs. Ann Truman, all of this city.

In New York, on the 13th inst. at Rutger street Church, by the Rev. Mr. Krebs, De Witt Clinton Mott, to Ann M. Peterson.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, James B. Burgess, of the Borough of Norristown, to Miss Mahalen Newman, of the same place.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of Saint Paul's Church, Mr. Thomas Meehan, to Miss Mary McKenna, all of this city.

Died,

On the 18th inst. Ann J. Parker, daughter of Mary Parker, in the 31st year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 18th inst. John K. Shewell, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 18th instant, in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Ellen McIlroy.

In this city, on the 17th instant, Mrs. Lisette Ellen, wife of J. C. Abel, Esq. in the 34th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. Wm. Schively, in the 53d year of his age.

At Mobile, on the 9th inst. Rev. D. H. Gillett, Pastor of St. Anthony street Baptist Church.

On the 16th inst. George M. Harden, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Eliza Corson, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Christopher Young, of a protracted illness, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Morris Leighton, aged 6 years, only son of Samuel and Susan Waters, of this city.

On the 17th inst. at Germantown, Mr. Geo. Knight, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 17th instant, at the U. S. Naval Asylum, John Calverly, Pensioner, aged 45 years. A native of this city.

On the 16th inst. aged 70 years, Mrs. Catharine, relict of Col. Stephen E. Fotteral.

On the 17th inst. John Jordan, late merchant of this city, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 17th inst. near Haddonfield, N. J. Judith W. Williamson, widow of Dr. G. Williamson, of Baltimore.

On the 21st ult. in the city of Natchez, Miss., Albert G. Carpenter, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 16th instant, Nathaniel, infant son of Robert Donnell.

On the 17th inst. in Chester, Stephen D. Lavallette, U. S. N. aged 24 years.

In New York, on the 16th inst. Robert Le Roy, aged 77 years.

In New York, on the 15th inst. Jane, wife of Captain Wm. Newcomb.

On the 15th inst. in the 33d year of her age, Mrs. Maria Burk.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Eliza A. Rolley, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. in the 31st year of her age, Mary, wife of John Hodges.

On the 15th inst. in the 79th year of his age, William Abenteur, Sr.

On the 14th inst. James Smith, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. after a protracted illness, Mrs. Sarah A. Senn, aged 45 years.

On the 15th instant, William A. son of Seigfried and Sarah Weiser, in the 10th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Eugene, son of George J. and Eliza Cloley, aged 19 months and 15 days.

On the 15th inst. of consumption, Sarah, wife of Peter Plock, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Emma Griffin, in the 3d year of her age.

On seventh-day, 15th inst. Sarah Scull, in the 49th year of her age.

At the U. S. Naval Asylum, on the 14th instant, John Smith, Pensioner, aged 67 years, a native of Lancaster county, Pa.

At Conshohocken, Pa. on the 16th instant, Mrs. Jane Adams, relict of the late Capt. Edmund Adams, formerly of the State of N. Jersey, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Nathan French, late of Cardiff, Wales, aged 50 years.

In Lower Merion, Montgomery county, on the 14th inst. John Smith, in the 65th year of his age.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the U. States Saturday Post
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, February 15, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	27 dis
Girard do.	par
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	par
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk, Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	1½ dis
Middleton,	1½ dis
Carlisle,	1½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	½ dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	½a1 dis
Gettysburg,	1½a1½ dis
Chambersburg,	1½a1½ dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Man. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value*.	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	6 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & brah's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	½ dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	½ dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Ocmulgee,	
Monroe R. R.	–
Columbus,	–
Phœnix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	–
Chat. R. R. bank,	–
Central bk of Mill.	–
Georgia R. R. Co.	–
Rucker Bkg. Co.	
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	6a7 dis
Small notes	8a9 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	–
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	" " "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	5a6 dis

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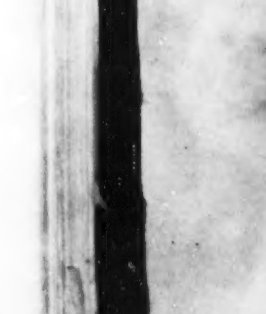

Selected Poetry.

THE BARD OF ETTRICK AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Come to my arms, my dear wee pet!
My glorious, gentle Harriet!
The sweetest babe thou art to me,
That ever sat on parent's knee;
Thy every beauty is so cheering,
And every motion so endearing,
Those dear blue eyes wee mine can while,
Thy mother's lifelike and grateful smile,
And such a playful, merry mien,
That care flies off whene'er thou'rt seen.

Child of my age and dearest love!
I take thy pure and gentle frame,
In tiny mind of mountain frame;
And bless through life's dishearten'd gloom
That weary path which all must tread—
Some cordial from thy name will flow
To the old bard that loved thee so.
At least thou shalt not want thy meed—
His blessings on thy beauteous head,
His warmest wish, his fondest prayer,
Lightened the clinkes of life and death—
When mid with great benignity,
"Let little children come to me."

'Tis very strange, my little dove!
That all I ever loved or love,
In wondrous visions still I trace,
While gazing on thy guileless face;
They very same brings to my mind
One, whose high birth and soul refined
Withstood her foe from morning mist,
E'en in life's last extremity
Power bake! Is not art immortal dear
Of all I honor and revere!

Grow on, sweet child! thy wild delight
Is moved by visions heavenly bright;
What wealth from nature may'st thou gain,
With promptings high to heart and brain!
But hope it all—though yet improved,
Thou art a shepherdess of dove departed,
And now above thy brow as fair,
And flowing flims of fairer hair,
Thy mother bends once more and frame
A blessing in the holy name
Of that supreme Divinity
Who breathed a living soul in thee!

The Mississippi.

MRS. HOUSTON'S JOURNAL.

[Mr. and Mrs. Houston, an English couple, of wealth and leisure, have been spending both with much judgment than many do, by a voyage in their own yatcht to New Orleans and Texas. From the lady's Journal, just republished in Zieber's neat Library, we make the following extract about the Father of Rivers.]

And this was the Mississippi! The giant river of which I had heard so much! It really was very disappointing; mud, and reeds, and floating logs, yellow fever, dampness and desolation! I believe there are about two hundred souls in this miserable little village of Balize, at least fifty of them are pilots. They go very far out to sea, and their boats though not handsome, are well built, and safe. The chief officer of the customs, and the great man of the place, came on board immediately and was most kind in his offers of assistance; he had shooting "first rate" for my husband, and a ball with a drum and tambour to enliven the ladies, i. e., my maid and myself! By his account, game is very plentiful here at all seasons of the year—snipes in abundance, and thousands of wild ducks; and a short way up the river, plenty of deer, quail, gray squirrel and woodcock; fish, to our surprise, is rather a scarce commodity here, the sort most frequently caught is called the cat-fish, of which, by-the-bye, our new acquaintance told us rather a remarkable anecdote. "Well sir," he began, "this is queer what I'm going to tell you, but it's a fact, that a friend of mine had a pointer dog marked with very particular spots, and this pointer had seven first-rate pups, all marked the same. Well, sir, my friend he did'nt want the pups, so he just threw them slick into the Mississippi; for was my friend's friend was, up north away, and he threw the pups in good two hundred miles from this, he did. Well, sir, it might be a couple of days after that I was a fishing, and I caught as fine a cat-fish as ever you saw, and in its inside what might you think I found? Just my friend's pointer pups, two of them was dead surely, but the rest was only a little hungry! and that's fact! I'm telling you the truth!"

This singular personage was very proud of his skill in rifle-shooting, and sent us evidences of his skill, in the shape of some delicious wild ducks, shot that morning. He had some off company in a well-contested match with Alligator, the famous Indian chief, and, what was of much greater importance to him, he had likewise proved his superiority as a sportsman over an "English nobleman!" He forgot the name of this "distinguished individual," as he called him; by his account the "nobleman" was travelling for pleasure (a circumstance in itself always sufficiently surprising to a Yankee mind,) and finding himself at Balize, challenged our informant to a rifle match. The peer boasted of being a first-rate shot; he had won the cup at Manchester, by his skill with the rifle, and in short "he would show the American what shooting was!" "Well," said the narrater, "his Lordship dressed himself in a smart new bright-green velvet hunting-coat, with mother-of-pearl buttons as big as a dollar; why I tell you, that coat was enough to take off the eyes of the ducks away from the river from this to eternity. Well, sir, he put on the coat, and then he stood up to fire, without a thought of keeping himself out of sight of the birds, and then away he popped, and a splendid shot he did too, quite first-rate. Well, sir, I shot twenty-two ducks out of twenty-three shots; a man with us shot ten out of twelve, while my Lord he never brought down a bird. I guess he was surprised a little,—I was for certain! but celebrate his name, but I do—and that's a fact."

Our friend was really very useful to us; he was a good specimen of a genuine Yankee; kind-hearted and hospitable to a degree; rather given to talk of the long-bow! but, as a sportsman, and a very good one, he must stand excused. His son was a very pleasant mannered boy, a midshipman in the United States Navy. The two, together, supplied us plentifully with game, which we were quite sorry to procure, as we intended sailing up the river to New Orleans, a mode of voyaging, which, with contrary winds frequently occupies a considerable length of time; the distance is about one hundred and fifty miles.

It is not very easy to procure provisions of any sort at Balize. Beef is brought from the city (New Orleans) only in sufficient quantities to supply the use of the pilots and their families, and is very high priced, namely, one shilling and threepence a pound. Fowls and eggs are still scarcer; no poultry being reared in the neighborhood. Milk was not to be had at any price; but we were told that there was a widow lady up the river, who had milch cows, and might possibly be induced to part with some of their produce. With this hope I was obliged to be contented; though, not having enjoyed the luxury of milk in my tea since leaving Jamaica, I confess I was rather disappointed in having to wait still longer, for what we are accustomed to consider an indispensable article of diet.

Dec. 2. Weighed anchor, and made sail up the river with a fair wind, moderate and fine. It is always customary to "take steam" up the Mississippi, so that our determination of sailing was a good deal commented, but it was so much more agreeable and independent a course, that we had no hesitation in adopting it. The noise of the high-pressure engines, which are almost invariably used, is very disagreeable; and you have indeed even the advantage of coming quickly to the end of your voyage, as the steamer generally takes several vessels in tow, and consequently, her steam not being of sufficient power, you do not average more than three or four knots an hour.

After losing sight of the harbor, you see nothing on either side of the river, for several miles, but the same low reedy banks. Banks, however, they cannot be called, as there is not the slightest perceptible elevation; you meet with innumerable snags and floating logs, which give a very desolate, ruinous look to the surface of the water. On ascending a few miles, one of the first objects that struck us was